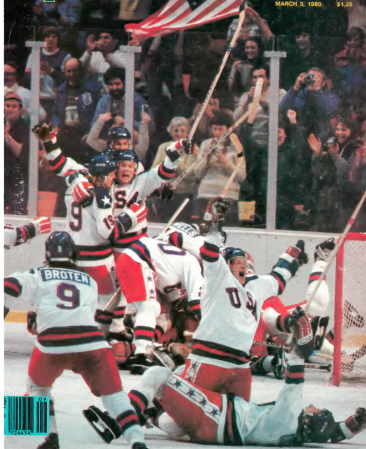


Sports Illustrated

MARCH 3, 1980

\$1.25



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PONTIAC TAKES ON THE IMPORTS

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FIREBIRD HAS LOWER ANNUAL FUEL COSTS.

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annual fuel costs on each car's "estimated mpg" for 15,000 miles at 90¢ per gallon. However, the annual fuel costs quoted here are based on a more realistic fuel price of \$1.10 per gallon.

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Say It Ain't So, Joe!



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



Muscling to the fray: photographers (left to right) Einar Persson, Jerry Cooke (front), George Treisman, William Capridge, Heinz Klautzner and Eric Schweinhart.

Thoroughly prepared for what has turned out to be the most extensive coverage we have given any Winter Olympics (see pages 16–29 and last issue), the six SI photographers shown above converged on Lake Placid with more than a ton and a half of equipment, worth in the neighborhood of \$175,000, give or take a \$10 filter or two. Not all of the gear was hauled to work each morning, perhaps not more than 65 pounds per man, as the six (known by the end of the second week in Lake Placid as "the Half-Deadly Half-Dozen") grappled with two of the tougher environments known to photography, winter and the Olympics. Possible combinations of conditions that spell trouble—frostbite, red tape, gray light, imperious policemen, ice, snow, rain, fogged lenses, frozen film, etc.—approach infinity in any given Winter Olympics, but among them the HDHD can, and occasionally do, boast a total of 126 years as professional photographers and 22 Olympics, and they coped.

Working out of a rented house that was occasionally mistaken by out-of-towners for the rectory of St. Agnes Church next door (they had to turn down a request for shoes on Ash Wednesday night), the six and their assistants negotiated the Lake Placid venue with two four-wheel-drive vehicles—a Dodge Ramcharger and Ford Bronco—without mishap. Heinz Klautz-

ner, on foot and fully laden with cameras to cover the downhill, had a nasty 150-yard fall, but he wrapped his strained knee with duct tape and carried on.

The real trick, of course, was handling the cameras. Eight winterized Nikon F2As (with no lubricants to freeze) had been sent from Japan, but in the relative warmth of this winter the photographers found that their regular Nikons worked pretty well. Difficulties did occur with film and batteries, howev-

er. In subzero temperatures the former may get brittle and the cameras may chew it up, necessitating what Bill Epbridge calls the 45-second one-handed reload: put 600-mm lens between knees and film leader in mouth to warm it enough to bend; hold one hand over back of camera to keep snow out and remove and replace film with other. One can also keep the whole camera under a parka, just whipping it out for the shot, or put the battery, which extreme cold can render inoperative, in a pocket, with the wire leading out to the camera. In the case of remote-control cameras set up ahead of time, the photographers sometimes taped hand-warmers to them, or rigged them up in their carrying cases with the hand-warmers taped inside the cases. (One of Klautzner's remotes went from warm to hot. Somebody stole it.)

But the ultimate solution to photographic survival comes from a man far more accustomed to bitter weather and bureaucratic tangles than even the SI Six. Veteran Soviet photographer Boris Svetlanov, who for years has covered the annual reindeer race at Murmansk, says, "Carry vodka in camera case. Just remember, it is for use after taking picture, not before."

John F. Sullivan



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Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

LIFE IS FULL OF HIGHS AND LOWS FOR THE ROLLER COASTER MARATHON MAN

The Florida Hurricane at Circus World in Haines City is advertised as the fastest roller coaster in the South. A ride begins with a climb up a 92-foot rise, followed by a stomach-splitting, 45-degree-angle drop at nearly three times the force of gravity. The roller coaster, which travels at speeds up to 60 mph on the downgrades, tumbles over another half-dozen rises, around a couple of curves and back to the station in two minutes, six seconds. If you were to ride the Hurricane for an hour without stopping, your stomach would feel as if it had been filled up around your ears and your equilibrium would be shot.

On the afternoon of Jan. 18, Richard Rodriguez of Brooklyn, N.Y., had been on the Hurricane considerably longer than an hour, but aside from a slightly swollen nose, he appeared normal. As Rodriguez rode back to the platform for the last time, a Circus World clown gave him a hipicky kiss and the amusement park proudly proclaimed, "People like you made this country great." Rodriguez had made his bid for inclusion in *The Guinness Book of World Records* by riding the Hurricane for 173 consecutive hours—good for a total of 2,624 miles, or the distance from Haines City to San Francisco.

Now, hold on a minute before you write off Rodriguez' ride as the most insane thing you've ever heard of. Spending a week on a roller coaster is a mental and physical feat of note, and marathoning is the ultimate—yes, and perhaps the most absurd—manifestation of a contemporary phenomenon: the latest craze of roller coasters.

Ever since a 17th-century Russian made a sport out of sliding down an ice-covered wooden slide, coasters have had their ups and downs. In the U.S., they were all the rage in the Roaring '20s, leveled off during the Depression, nearly died out in the '50s and made a comeback during the '70s. The current boom—there are now some 150 coasters in the U.S.—is a gift for a sociology text book, according to Gary Kyrnos, author of *The Great American Amusement Parks*. The renewed popularity of coasters comes on the heels of a wave of horror and space movies, he pointed out. "Succidid abandon, fixation with imagined danger," is how he describes their attraction. Some psychologists say people ride coasters in momentary rebellion against parental authority. Robert Carroll, a professor of fine arts at the State University of New York, who has ridden 253 different coasters,

has a simpler explanation. "People can't be temporarily rebelling and certainly aren't scared because they keep getting back on," he says. "They ride coasters because they're fun. If you can't skydive, it's the next best thing."

There's also a lively debate over the merits of wood and steel coasters. The wooden variety, of which Coney Island's Cyclone is the paradigm, keeps the rider pretty much upright but seems scary because it creaks. The steel models, such as Mind Bender at Atlantic's Six Flags Over Georgia, turn riders every which way, including upside down, but are almost too unreal to be frightening. Nonetheless, kids often prefer their outer-space motifs.

An ultimate coaster freak, Rodriguez, 22, is a high-strung, indefatigable, fast-talking kid from a broken home. Having lived in a number of neighborhoods and gone to a good many schools, he has found coasters a stabilizing force. As a result of the first of his several record marathons—a 104-hour Cyclone trip during the summer of 1977—Rodriguez says he gained the recognition he had long sought from his father.

"I'm the ideal size for roller coasters," says the 5' 8", 160-pound Rodriguez, a high school graduate and serious amateur horseleider. Wedged into his Hurricane seat with blankets and pillows, he was able to sleep for eight or nine hours at a time. According to Guinness rules, Rodriguez could take a five-minute break each hour; he chose to stockpile his time off so that he was able to stop for a shower and shave every morning. His rugged constitution enabled him to down junk food as his car climbed the first rise. All in all, Rodriguez appeared to hold up well.

At least on the surface. "Sometimes I had palpitations, shortness of breath," Rodriguez says. "The first few days it rained. Until they put a tarp over me, it felt like someone was throwing rocks in my face. The last night my head hurt so much I wanted to scream. Sometimes I heard the voices of people who had been speaking to me hours earlier. At other times I had to fight off panic."

Conditions were especially difficult at night, when the park was closed and he rode alone. "I tried to break down time," Rodriguez says, "living every minute, thinking of jokes and songs. When things got really bad, I thought of the boxer Wilfredo Benitez, who kept smiling through the punishment Sugar Ray Leonard handed him." But mostly Rodriguez thought of his hero, Charles Lindbergh. Absorbing pain and boredom, Rodriguez says he used the coaster marathon to train for a Lindberghian feat—the first solo balloon crossing of the Atlantic—which he hopes to make this August.

Be advised that Lindbergh himself embraced the comparison between roller coasters and aviation. After a 1929 trip to Coney Island the Lone Eagle declared, "A ride on the Cyclone is a greater thrill than flying an airplane at top speed." **ENR**

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

AN UNEVEN BOOK DEPICTS THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE MANASSA MAULER

To the best of my knowledge, Jack Dempsey is the first major American sports figure to have found a biographer in the groves of academe. His name is Randy Roberts, he teaches in the European Division of the University of Maryland, and his biography is entitled *Jack Dempsey: The Manassa Mauler* (Doubleday, \$24.95). It is, considering the source, exactly the kind of book one would expect: scrupulously researched and competently written, but loaded down with excess thematic baggage that seems calculated to give it academic legitimacy. Let's get out of the bad news first (Professor Roberts is inclined toward gawky psychologizing. Of the young Dempsey drifting from linktown to linktown, he writes, "The dilemmas of the colonial world is life without values. Man instinctively needs an anchor, he fears being set free as a valueless sea.") Of Dempsey is the ring: "In Freudian terms he was the embodiment of the unanchored primitive ad."

Furthermore, Roberts attempts to assign Dempsey an inflated role in American social history. Comparing him with Charles Lindbergh and Henry Ford, Roberts writes,

"Essentially, Dempsey is a better metaphor for the 1920s than Lindbergh or Ford because he and his image are more complex. In Ford and Lindbergh we see none of the glories of the tantalizing scene... Dempsey is part of this heritage of glories."

The Dempsey image, however, reflects another side of the decade, the side that did not roar. By temperament, Dempsey was a quiet, conservative man... Outside of the ring his attitudes were little different from the vast majority of Americans....

"Dempsey, in addition, was the physical manifestation of yet another universal impulse, the longing of the average man to destroy the glider...."

There's enough truth in all of this to give it a superficial plausibility, but scratch the surface and you find little more than idle speculation. Though certain aspects of Dempsey's private life and public career parallel themes of American life in the '20s, when do not? Nowhere in the years he held the heavy-weight championship can one find the desperation that lay so closely beneath the "glider" of the decade. Nowhere is there the slightest suggestion of the artistic and intellectual revolution of the '20s. Nor is there any evidence, for the public record at least, of the transman-

ic shift in moral attitudes that began to take place in the age of the flapper.

What's happened to Roberts is that he has fallen into a trap that beckons all biographers: he has attempted to insulate more meaning into his subject's life than the facts of that life can uphold. He tries to make a man into a metaphor, but it just won't work—not, at least, in my machine.

Yet when Roberts sticks to basic biography, he is good. His account of Dempsey's childhood in Colorado is sympathetic but never saccharine. He describes a photograph of the 16-year-old pugilist-to-be.

"The nose, broken in several places, the expressionless mouth, and the cold, haunting eyes suggest a childhood that had been something less than kind."

But it was that cold childhood that equipped Dempsey for the brutal upward fight through the saloons in which Western boxers of the day slugged away their lives. He was a tough and violent man of unimpeachable physical attributes, but he possessed a fierce, icy determination. Though it was a stroke of good fortune that he came under the management of Doc Keenan, who "had great courage and no ethics or morality," it was his own extraordinary grit and tenacity that separated him from the crowd of snags, hard cases and small-time crooks.

Dempsey's timing, if accidental, was excellent. When he took the title away from Jess Willard in 1919, boxing was held in disrepute, in particular by religious groups whose activities Roberts describes in some detail. Dempsey, his image carefully honed "both by himself and the manipulators of the media," was just what the sport needed: a rough-by-handson fellow who fought hard and spoke modestly. In the years he held the title, Roberts concludes, he "became a token of stability, a symbol of heroism."

In this instance, Roberts' interpretation of Dempsey's life is not excessive. With Babe Ruth and Red Grange, Dempsey was one of the three great sports heroes of his day, a true "people's champion." Moreover, unlike most who come suddenly to riches and celebrity, he seems to have been relieved by the experience. The rough edges really did become smoother: he made great strides toward overcoming his shyness, he learned to speak easily to public gatherings, and he won a place in the nation's heart when, after losing to Gene Tunney in 1926, he told his wife, "Honey, I just forgot to duck."

After an unsuccessful attempt to regain the crown, Dempsey went on to become a successful restaurateur and a national institution. Oddly, this doesn't seem to interest Roberts much, for he gives the years since 1927 less than three pages. He doubtless is right, though, that the years from 1919 to 1927 are the ones that really count, and on balance he has done quite well by them.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

IRREVOCABLE OR NOT?

From the moment President Carter announced it exactly a month earlier, the timing of his Feb. 20 Olympic boycott deadline has caused bafflement. Did Carter settle on so early a date for fear that pro-boycott sentiment might otherwise dissipate? To allow sufficient time to put together an alternative Games? Because the date fell at a time when the world's attention would be riveted on the Winter Olympics? Whatever the explanation, the Feb. 20 deadline passed last week with 70,000 or more Soviet troops still in Afghanistan. Because Carter's demand that Soviet forces be withdrawn was conspicuously unmet, Administration officials said a U.S. boycott of the Summer Games in Moscow was now irrevocable.

There was continued uncertainty, though, about how much support Carter had abroad. Presidential Counsel Lloyd Cutler, the chief Olympic strategist, said last week that 23 other countries had publicly announced a boycott, 13 had given private assurances of support and 19 others were "leaning" that way. But even some of the 23 supposedly solid countries appear to be shaky. For example, Canada's position has been blurred by Pierre Trudeau's election win over Prime Minister Joe Clark, a boycott supporter. Trudeau's attitude is wait and see. Britain's Margaret Thatcher, who has voiced support of a boycott, has left herself an "out" by saying the decision will be made by the British Olympic Committee. As for the assertion of private support, while it's not quite the same as Joe McCarthy's bandying about of exact numbers of supposed Communists in the State Department, one does wonder when the identities of the countries on Carter's secret list are to be made public.

Some foreign officials maintained, as did boycott foes in the U.S., that Carter had overreacted to the invasion of Afghanistan. They argued that Afghanistan was in the U.S.S.R.'s sphere of influence even before the invasion and that, contrary to White House intimations, there

was no firm evidence the Kremlin was plotting a push to the Persian Gulf. But none of this altered the fact that Soviet troops were occupying a country whose populace wanted them out, a reality underscored by last week's demonstrations in a number of Afghan cities. The Soviet leaders responsible for imposing their will on the people of Afghanistan are the same ones who, by all indications, hope to use the Moscow Games to glorify themselves. If the Soviet troops haven't withdrawn by the time the Summer Games open on July 19, it is impossible to imagine the U.S. competing.

The White House's boycott strategy, however, has not always inspired confidence. A case in point was Secretary of State Vance's heavy-handed speech at the International Olympic Committee in Lake Placid. IOC officials have also been shaking their heads over a cable urging a boycott which they say Carter sent to South Africa—a country that has been out of the Olympics for 16 years. Meanwhile, West German officials are irked that Washington wailed them about the deadline virtually until it was announced, a bit of devastation out of keeping with the moral stance Carter has assumed on the boycott issue.

Announcing a deadline may itself have been a mistake, depending on what the Administration hoped to achieve. From the start the President may have felt he had less hope of ending the occupation than of convincing the Soviets for having undertaken it. If that was the reasoning, the deadline makes sense. But Carter presumably would respond favorably to a Soviet pullout whenever it occurred, and is therefore to be hoped that Feb. 20 or no, he has not completely foreclosed his Olympic options. After all, IOC officials have conceded that if enough countries decided to boycott, they would seriously consider canceling the Moscow Olympics. Given the importance Soviet leaders attach to staging those Games, that prospect might yet help impel them to find a face-saving way to withdraw

from Afghanistan, whereupon the U.S. could—and should—participate in the Olympics. If the troops did not withdraw, the punishment of a boycott could still be inflicted on the Kremlin. Whatever the end result, by remaining flexible on its supposedly irrevocable decision, Washington might hope to enlist the unwarring foreign support its boycott campaign urgently needs.

ORIENT EXPRESS

On the theory that a feminine presence can calm the jangled nerves of male duffers, golf caddies in Japan are, by tradition, women. Owing to a tight labor market and rising wages, Japan's female bag-boys may now be a vanishing species. The Japanese have come up with an enterprising alternative to both human caddies and the kind of carts used



in the West: mechanical systems that wind through courses, carrying golf clubs but not golfers. Such systems have already been introduced at more than 100 Japanese courses.

A typical setup consists of 60 cars, each of which can carry up to four bags of clubs. The cars ride on an I-beam rail that skirts the rough and greens behind each green. The cars are usually visible to golfers, but the rail is almost always out of their view. Most of the systems are battery powered, although a few operate on electric current in the rail. In some cases, cars are operated by on-board push buttons, but remote-control systems are growing in popularity; a tiny control panel fits in the breast pocket and has a signal range of 150 meters.

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The monorails have received a mixed reaction. Some golfers grumble about the necessity of walking to and from a car before practically every shot. Also, except at certain switching points, cars can't pass each other, making it impossible for one foursome to "play through" without going to the trouble of moving bags from one car to another. But the monorails are more economical for customers as well as for course owners—the fee is about \$4 vs. \$8 for a caddy—and as with self-propelled carts, some grateful golfers find that forgoing human caddies spares them embarrassment. When they're playing poorly they don't particularly enjoy having witnesses around, male or female.

HEIDEN'S HOARD

In becoming the first athlete to win five gold medals in individual events at one Olympic Games, Winter or Summer, Eric Heiden has established himself as one of the greatest of Olympians. To fully appreciate Heiden's feat, it should be noted that Mark Spitz' seven golds at the 1972 Summer Games included only four in individual events, the others coming in relays. Spitz was one of half a dozen Olympians who won four individual golds at a single Games, another being a speed skater, the U.S.S.R.'s Lydia Skoblikova, who swept four women's events in 1964. The five golds apiece won by Italy's Nedo Nadi in fencing in 1920 and by Finland's Paavo Nurmi in track in 1924 included "team" golds in each instance—three for Nadi and two for Nurmi.

Heiden's hoard also outgirds those of such storied Olympians as Jesse Owens and Fanny Blankers-Koen, whose four golds in track in 1936 and 1948, respectively, each included a relay, and Nadia Comaneci, who took three individual golds in '76. In winning events ranging from 500 to 10,000 meters, Heiden exhibited a combination of speed and endurance that more than compensated for the fact that speed skating is a somewhat less than universal activity.

Together with the gold medal taken by the U.S. hockey team, Heiden's performance meant that all six U.S. victories at Lake Placid were achieved on ice, as were all three of our wins at Innsbruck in 1976. Interestingly, at the '76 Olympics in Montreal, 15 of the U.S.'s 34 gold medals—13 in swimming and two in diving—came in water, the substance beneath Eric's flying blades. For U.S. Olympians H₂O=Au, that's for sure.

OLYMPIC HOCKEY VS. BRAND X

On the same historic night that the U.S. Olympic hockey team held the nation in thrall by beating the Soviet Union 4-3, the National Hockey League, whose All-Stars had been humbled by essentially the same Soviet squad last February, was displaying its brand of hockey in Vancouver. While the showdown in Lake Placid produced nothing even remotely resembling a fight, the NHL game—in which the Philadelphia Flyers beat the Canada 7-3—was marred by the ejection of 16 players, eight from each side, most of them because of their involvement in a bench-clearing brawl in the third period that delayed the game for 45 minutes.

The half dozen odd U.S. Olympic heroes who are due to join NHL teams this week needn't worry, though. As NHL President John Ziegler keeps saying, any talk of violence in his league is "ill-founded."

TROUBLE AT TROY

In a self-complacitory mood, Southern Cal Football Coach John Robinson told SI a few weeks ago that he prided himself on having encouraged his players to "work towards a true education." Last week a considerably more subdued Robinson spoke of having experienced "a personal sense of failure." That confession was prompted by a revelation in the campus newspaper that 34 USC athletes, most of them football players, were enrolled last semester in speech courses they didn't attend. The Daily Trojan further reported that the professor who taught the courses, USC Debate Coach John DeBros, had resigned and that Athletic Director Dr. Richard Perry had suspended the football team's academic counselor, Jeff Birren.

Perry confirmed the Daily Trojan story and said he had learned of the irregularities involving the speech courses last Dec. 7. The Trojan reported that several football players had then been given a five-day "crash course" to make up the missed classes, that other players had received incomplete grades and that two team members had been listed as "illegally registered." However, Perry insisted that none of this adversely affected player eligibility for the Rose Bowl, in which USC beat Ohio State 17-16. Nevertheless, USC has ordered further investigation.

The situation at USC means that the

Pac-10, which was already staggering under evidence of transcript irregularities at UCLA, Arizona State, Oregon and Oregon State, now finds itself with yet another trouble spot. While discussing his conference's growing epidemic of academic abuses, Pac-10 Executive Director Wiles Hallock said recently, "You better believe we're concerned. I'm not surprised at anything I hear anymore. Why, at USC there is more sympathy from the faculty and the students for the athletic department than just about any place you can name. The athletic department practically is USC."

HEROES & VILLAINS

One day a leading performer lunged into the crowd to defend the honor of his gorgeous wife, who was being bothered by a paying customer. Another day an official was rushing forward to upbraid a star for boorish behavior. And on both occasions onlookers went bananas.

Professional wrestling? No, the two incidents occurred last week at a World Championship Tennis tournament in Salisbury, Md. The chivalrous fellow who went into the stands was Jimmy Connors. He had just lost to Vijay Amritraj 6-3, 6-2, when he saw his wife Patti, a former Playboy Playmate of the Year, suffering the unwelcome advances of a masher. Connors was on the scene in a trice and landed a blow before he and the cad were separated. As for the enraged official, well, that was Mike Davies, the WCT's executive director. He noticed was stalling and using abusive language during a match against Amritraj when Davies burst onto the court and took down the net. When the week's excitement was finally over, Connors (yes!) had a bruised left hand, Nasty (boo!) had a disqualification and it was probably only the necessity of completing the tournament—Bjorn Borg beat Amritraj 7-5, 6-1, 6-3 in the finals—that prevented the WCT from bringing on the tugman matches.

THEY SAID IT

- Jean Craigat, French-born jockey: "When I first came here I worked the Florida track. It's hard to learn English when everybody is speaking Spanish."
- Rocky Bleier, Pittsburgh Steeler running back, marveling at Coach Chuck Noll's self-confidence: "He's the only person I know who bought a plane before he learned to fly."

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THE GOLDEN GOAL

The U.S. went bonkers when Mike Eruzione's shot beat Vladimir Myshkin for the winning goal as America's Team stunned the once invincible Soviets en route to the Olympic title

CONTINUED

For millions of people, their single, lasting image of the Lake Placid Games will be the infectious joy displayed by the U.S. hockey team following its 4-3 win over the Soviet Union last Friday night. It was an Olympic moment, the kind the creators of the Games must have had in mind, one that said: Here is something that is bigger than any of you. It was bizarre, it was beautiful. Uplifting sacks slowly carterwheeled into the rafters. The American players—in pairs rather than in one great glop—hugged and danced and rolled on one another (see cover).

The Soviet players, slightly in awe, it seemed, of the spectacle of their defeat, stood in a huddle near their blue line, arms propped on their sticks, and waited for the ceremonial postgame handshakes with no apparent impatience. There was no head-banging. This was bigger, even, than the Russians.

"The first Russian I shook hands with

had a smile on his face," said Mark Johnson, who had scored two of the U.S. goals. "I couldn't believe it. I still can't believe it. We beat the Russian."

In the streets of Lake Placid and across the country, it was more of the same. A spontaneous rally choked the streets outside the Olympic Ice Center, snarling bus traffic for the umpteenth time since the start of the Games. A sister of one of the U.S. hockey players—in between cries of "The Russians! I can't believe we beat the Russians!"—said she hadn't seen so many flags since the '60s. "And we were burning them then," she added.

So move over, Dallas Cowboys. The fresh-faced U.S. hockey team had captured the imagination of a country. This was America's Team. When the score of the U.S.-Soviet game was announced at a high school basketball game in Athens, Ohio, the fans—many of whom had probably never seen a hockey game—stood and roared and produced dozens of miniature American flags. In a Miami hospital, a TV set was rolled into the sur-

gecal intensive care unit, and doctors and nurses cheered on the U.S. between stitching gunshot wounds and reading X-rays. In Atlanta, Leo Mulder, the manager of the Off Pouchtree restaurant, concocted a special drink he called the Craig Cocktail, after U.S. goalie Jim Craig, whose NHL rights belong to the Atlanta Flames. What's in a Craig Cocktail? "Everything but vodka," Mulder said. "Improvised choruses of the Star-Spangled Banner were heard in restaurants around Lake Placid, while down in the U.S. locker room—you still doubt this is America's Team?—the players leather-lunged their way through God Bless America!"

"Someone started it as a joke, I think," said Dave Sitt, the right wing who had set up the tying goal. "But all of a sudden we were all singing. We got to the part after 'land that I love...' and nobody knew the words. So we kind of hummed our way to '... from the mountains, on the prairies...' and we finished it. It was great."

Great as it was, there was still a little

Johnson, the top U.S. scorer, exults after nipping past Valtonen for the clinching goal in the 4-3 triumph over Finland that secured the gold medal.



matter of the gold medal to take care of. Going into Sunday's game against Finland, it was possible for any of the four medal-round teams—the U.S., Finland, Sweden, the U.S.S.R.—to win the gold. Despite its astonishing string of upsets and its 5-0-1 record, the U.S. wasn't even awarded a bronze. But America's Team had come too far to lose.

"To be one game away from the gold medal is the dream of a lifetime," said Forward John Harrington. "There was no way we were going to blow it."

They didn't, but it wasn't easy. Finnish Gotha Jorma Valonen made 14 stops in the first period as Finland took a 1-0 lead—the sixth time in seven games the Americans had surrendered the first goal. Steve Christoff tied the game in the second period, but the Finns scored a power-play goal two minutes later.

So, after two periods, this U.S. squad found itself in almost the same position that another American Olympic hockey team had been in 1980 at Squaw Valley. After having beaten the Soviets the day before, the '80 team was trailing Czechoslovakia 4-3 with one period to play. The U.S. players then came out and scored six unanswered goals. One of the leaders of that comeback was Billy Christian, and 20 years later it was his son, David, who sparked the decisive rally.

With just under 20 minutes gone in the third period, Christian broke up ice and slid a pass to Phil Veitch, who broke around the defense and beat Valonen to tie the game at 2-2. Then, at 6:45, Christian backhanded a shot from the point that the ubiquitous Johnson picked up behind the net and passed out front to Rob McClanahan. After waiting calmly for Valonen to make the fatal first move, McClanahan slipped the puck between the goaltender's legs for a 3-2 U.S. lead.

The drama built as the Americans were called for three penalties between 6:48 and 15:45 and the Finns pressed the attack. Finally, with 5½ minutes to play, the U.S. scored perhaps its most spectacular goal of the entire tournament—a shorthanded one as that Christoff skinned a startled Finn against the boards and centered a pass to Johnson.

"I was going to shoot it right away but the puck was bouncing, so I pulled it around, went in and took a backhand," Johnson said. Valonen sprawled and

blocked Johnson's shot, but with two defenders on him, the 5'9", 155-pound Johnson rapped the rebound into the net. It was his team-high 11th point of the tournament. "We knew we'd never be in this situation again," Johnson would say. "I just sit here in awe."

It was the only time all week that any of the U.S. players had been in awe of anything. Coach Herb Brooks had told them so many times over the past few months that Soviet captain Illes Mikhalov looks like Stan Laurel that, well, it was impossible for them to treat Mikhalov, or any of his teammates, with reverence. "Every time we watched a film of the Russians," said Harrington, "they keep saying, 'Stan Laurel, Stan Laurel, look at Stan Laurel.'"

Harrington, Silk, and captain Mike Eruzione have compiled a 16-page binder entitled *Brooksisms*—and "Stan Laurel" is an entry. An old-fashioned motivator, Brooks repeats favored aphorisms with enough regularity that they make an impression. Among them:

- You're playing worse every day, and right now you're playing like the middle of next month.
- Gentlemen, you don't have enough talent to win on talent alone.
- Boys, in front of the net it's bloody nastily.
- Don't dump the puck in. That went out with short pants.
- Throw the puck back and weave, weave, weave. But don't just weave for the sake of weaving.
- Let's be idealists, but let's also be practical.
- You can't be common because the common man goes nowhere. You have to be uncommon.

The U.S. hockey team was anything but common. Before the previous week's upset win over Czechoslovakia, Christian sat in the locker room and secretly fashioned something out of a cardboard Badweiser packet. When he put on his helmet, there were a set of wings and a tail sticking out of the armpits. "Boy, am I going to be flying tonight," Christian announced.

In the next game, against Norway, the U.S. fell behind 1-0 after the opening period and appeared frustrated. In the locker room between the first and second periods, Silk said something inaudible about how everyone had to support ev-



At the end, Jim Craig needed a Craig Gribble.

everyone else and suggested that they all tell each other nothing but nice things. There was a brief silence. Then:

- "Craig, your hair looks marvelous."
- "Phil, that's a wonderful job of taping your shin pads."
- "Jimmy, your eyes are a lovely shade of blue."

As Eruzione noted later, "We may be young, but we're immature."

The U.S. players performed fearlessly, and the public ate it up. Even before the Americans beat the Soviets, Lake Placid restaurant managers sent over complimentary bottles of wine, and New York State Troopers asked for autographs. At one point, Silk's mother, Abigail, who was lined with 40 other hockey parents and relatives in an abode they called the *Hovage House*, was riding a bus when she heard a young man tell the girl he was embracing that he was on the hockey team.

"Really? And who are you?" Mrs. Silk asked, cruelly.

"Er, Dave Silk," he said, undaunted. "Er, Dave Silk's mom," she replied.

The girl fled.

So it was that people actually seemed the impending upset of the Soviets as if wishing could make it so. It was such an unreasonable hope—virtually unthinkable for anyone who had seen common



continued

the U.S.S.R.'s 10-3 rout of the U.S. at Madison Square Garden three days before the Olympics opened. Tickets for the rematch were scalped for as much as \$340 a seat, and Johnson heard of one lady who had offered \$600. "Are you telling me it wasn't worth it?" he said two hours after the upset, while watching a replay of the game with teammates in the Holiday Inn. "I'd have paid a thousand to have been in that atmosphere."

It was electric. Craig, superlative throughout the Olympics, gave up two first-period goals but made 16 saves, most of them tough ones. Indeed, he kept the U.S. alive. Then, with three seconds remaining in the period, the U.S. made the key play of the game. Christian took a 100-foot slap shot from beyond center ice that Goalender Vladimir Tretak let rebound off his pads, Johnson, hustling toward the net, weaved through the two Soviet defensemen and picked up the puck. He feinted, dropping his shoulder as if to shoot, and Tretak went to his knees. Johnson pulled the puck back, moved to his left a bit and slid the puck behind Tretak and into the net just before time expired. That was all for Tretak, who was promptly wanked from the game in favor of Vladimir Myslkin. And when Aleksandr Maltsev made it 3-2 at 2:18 of the second period, that was all the scoring for the Soviets.

All told, the U.S. outscored its opponents 27-6 in the second and third periods, testimony to the team's depth and conditioning. Charged up by the cheers of "U.S.A./U.S.A.," the Americans made the score at 6:39 of the third period. Nik sent a pass through two defensemen to Johnson, who picked the puck off a Soviet star and fired it under Myslkin. The game winner came 1:21 later, Erzyev beating Myslkin through a screen. *Erzyev* means "explosion" in Russian, and his goal sent repercussions rippleside, nationwide, indeed, worldwide.

After it was all over on Sunday, and the U.S. players were wearing their gold medals, it was left to Hamington to find a fitting Brookston for the whole unforgettable series of upsets. He didn't have to think about it long. "Boys, we want to be well again, and the water was colder and the water was deeper."

It was winter, too. —E. M. SULLIVAN



THE BIG WHOOPEE

The night before the end of The Great Whoopee—as Eric Heiden privately called the faldoril attending his quest for five speed-skating gold medals—there was the Golden Boy himself, enjoying a little R & R before his climactic 10,000-meter race by screaming his lungs out at the U.S.-Soviet hockey game. “He went nuts,” said his coach, Dianne Holm, some 15 hours later. “That game would have psyched anyone up. He left there thinking he could conquer the world.”

In those 15 hours Heiden had overslept, missed his customary breakfast of three bowls of Kellogg's Corn Flakes and won his fifth gold—a Winter Olympic record. Not since Secretariat obliterated the 1973 Belmont field by 31 lengths had a champion completed a sweep with such decisiveness. Skating the 25-lap, 6.2-mile race in 14:28.13, Heiden had sliced 6.20 seconds off the world record and beaten his closest rival, Piet Kline of the Netherlands, by 7.90 seconds—the equivalent of 100 meters. In a sport of benumbing repetition, Heiden, the greatest speed skater in history, had managed to add an element of surprise by making his final triumph such a runaway.

And, of course, in the process he had intensified The Great Whoopee. Heiden borrowed the phrase from John Amos-Phillips, the fellow who, as an undergraduate at Princeton, designed an atomic bomb a few years ago. Phillips dubbed the accompanying fuss made by various government agencies and the media The Great American Whoopee, and while five Olympic speed-skating gold medals might not have the earth-shattering consequences of The Bomb, one would never know it from all the attention Heiden is getting these days. Seeing a bevy of New York State troopers lead Heiden through the admiring throng following the ceremony at which he had received his gold for the 1,500 meters, the driver of the LPOOC van that would transport Hei-

den from the scene said, “It looked like he was a criminal and they were hauling him away.”

Inside the van, literally taking a back seat to America's reluctant hero, were former Montreal Canadian goaltender Ken Dryden, Heiden's sister, Beth; their agent, Art Kaminsky, easily the most unpopular man in Lake Placid because his sole purpose, it seemed, was to turn down photo sessions and interviews; and Heiden's Norwegian girl friend, Cecilie, whose own two hands had knitted the rainbow-colored stocking cap that Eric wore throughout the Games. Cameras were shoved against the windows of the van and flashcubes popped blindly, forcing Heiden to shade his eyes. “The Great Whoopee,” he said with a tolerant smile. “It's kind of a drag.”

Heiden's gold medals were an achievement that crossed political boundaries. The same day that the Soviets sent a delegation to extract Holm's promise to ask Eric to skate later this year in Medeo, the U.S.S.R.'s high-altitude, high-speed rink, a Wisconsin politician was putting the wheels in motion to have the name of the West Allis Rink, where the American team trains, changed to the Heiden Rink—a suggestion that met with a cool response from other U.S. speed skaters. One of the few audiences Kaminsky granted was to Jimmy Carter, who invited Eric, along with other U.S. Olympians, to lunch on Monday. “I'd like to see the President,” Heiden said. “I've never been to Washington before. It's something to do.”

Except for a Harry Chapin concert at the Olympic Village and his two pieces of raisin bread each morning, the only things Heiden seemed to enjoy about Lake Placid were the races themselves. “It's fun to get dizzy,” he explained at his sixth press conference of the Olympics, an event that he gladly would have foregone in favor of 2001: A Space Odyssey, which was showing back in the Village. In a more serious moment—and it seemed there were far too many of them over the two weeks—he gave

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Heiden barged through a world-record 10,000, defeating the Dutch runner-up by 7.90 seconds.



at good a definition of speed skating as one is likely to find. "It's a clean sport. There is no one else to blame; no one to rely on. You just have a pair of skates."

Which is Heiden's case is probably an fair advantage. For sporting purposes, he probably should perform with one ice skate and one moon boot. When Levi's was outfitting the American team before the opening ceremonies, the only pair of pants that would fit over Heiden's 29-inch thighs had a 38-inch waist, which is six inches bigger than he needs. "It's not exciting to be skating now," said Frode Rønning, the Norwegian bronze medalist in the 1,000. "The medals are delivered before the race." Asked how Heiden could be so great at all five distances, Rønning smiled and said, "That's what I want to know."

As it turned out, last Tuesday's 1,000 was probably Heiden's easiest race, despite the fact that he found it the most

Eric was head and shoulders above his rivals.



Belt didn't cover herself with glory, but she unwrapped a bronze-medal performance in the 3,000.

difficult to get up for, coming, as it did, halfway through the men's program. "The secret of the 1,000 is to open up as fast as possible in the first 200 meters," Heiden explained before the race. Paired with Canada's Gaston Boucher, the eventual silver medalist, Heiden was clocked in 17.36 for the first 200 meters, fastest in the field, and went on to win by a second and a half. In a sport in which victory is usually obtained by hundredths of seconds, it was a truly Heidenian margin—second and ninth places were separated by only 1.28 seconds. "He'll probably win the 1,500 as easily as the 1,000," Rønning then predicted. "A lot of us are going to keep on skating next year because Eric is giving up."

Rønning was not far wrong. Two days later Heiden won the 1,500 by 1.37 seconds, precisely the margin that separated second place from seventh. And he very nearly fell down. Coming around the turn at the 600-meter mark, his inside skate broke through a rut in the ice, and he had to touch his left hand to the ice to

keep from falling. "A mishap like that would have knocked another skater from first to fifth," Holm said. "Eric just kept going like nothing happened."

Which is how he was trying to live his life as The Great Whoospee caged about him. The day before the 10,000 he ordered Kaminsky to "shine" (cancel) all interviews so he could rest up for the hockey game that evening, though he did find time to pose for the inevitable five-gold-medals poster. Meanwhile, a representative of the Ice Police was madly searching out Kaminsky, and University of Wisconsin Hockey Coach Bob Johnson—a family friend from Madison—was trying to present Heiden with a scholarship offer to play for the Badgers. The world was Heiden's oyster. After specifying his preferred brand of cornflakes at a press conference, he was asked if he'd been getting calls from the Kellogg folks. "I don't know," he said. "We don't have a phone in our trailer." The next day he covered his endorsement tracks. Asked why he was a great skater, Heiden jested, "I just ate my Wheaties."

In stark contrast to the burlesque surrounding Eric was the Olympics himself, Beth, endared. It had started, of course, two weeks ago, when little Beth, as she became known, finished seventh, seventh, and fifth in the women's 1,500, 500 and 1,000. Last Wednesday she had her final chance for a medal, in the 3,000. Paired with Bjørg Eva Jensen of Norway, Heiden pushed her rival to within 1.13 seconds of the world record and the gold. Sabine Becker of East Germany, skating a personal best by an astounding 10 seconds, got the silver medal, while Heiden got the bronze.

But there was nothing very upbeat about winning the medal. There had been speculation that Heiden was overtrained, speculation that her ankle was bothering her, and rumors that she was jealous of her brother. She said nothing—to friends, family or coach. Driving to the ceremony at which Beth would receive her bronze, Holan said, "She's kept a lot of stuff inside her. Maybe if she had talked about it... But she's young."

Heiden did, however, have some choice emotional words for the press, blaming it for applying undue pressure on her and her family. Afterward she broke into tears, and for any who saw it, the image of Heiden leaving the auditorium with her face pressed into the shoulder of Terry McDermon, a 1964 U.S. speed-skating gold medalist, with Kaminsky trotting along behind, will remain one of the haunting moments of these Games. "Life goes on," a family friend said later. "She'll probably go back to Madison and become a civil engineer."

Meanwhile Eric Heiden's life has become one of endless possibility—ranging from the short-term prospect of a celebratory skate down the huge run to his long-range goal of becoming an orthopedic surgeon. Then again, Mark Spitz wanted to become a dentist. The Great Whooper has a way of changing one's perspective. But there is time for all that. For now, it was a torchbearer as one of the medal ceremonies on Mirror Lake who said it best. Just before the start of the proceedings, as green laser beams cut across the night sky and a motorized hang-glider left a trail of sparks, the young man ran up to Heiden and said, "We're sure glad to be standing up for the American national anthem for once."

For once—times five. —E.M. Swart

SILENCE WAS GOLDEN

At the end of the 1978-79 World Cup alpine racing season last March, Ingemar Stenmark flew from Furano, Japan, site of the final race, to Hawaii, where he and a few other skiers, along with Serge Lang, the bluff French journalist who is father, grandfather and godfather of the World Cup circuit, planned to relax on Kauai's Lihue Beach. The season had been long, ultimately tedious, and everyone was sick of skin, snow, mountains. The racers made a pact not to talk about their sport, the first to break the ban would spring for a bottle of champagne. Stenmark sprang. Over dinner he said to Lang, "Tell me about Killy."

Spilling Ingemar's champagne, they spoke about the triple-gold-medal winner of the 1968 Games. They talked especially of Killy's competence as a downhill racer and about Stenmark's consistent refusal to enter that event. "Ingemar said he was bored with doing only the giant slalom and the slalom," Lang recalls. "Same guys, same faces. We talked about how a real legend probably had to ski all three events. Ingemar said, 'I want to be a complete champion.' But he said he did not want to start the downhill until after the Lake Placid Olympics."

But later Stenmark changed his mind. Early last summer he began testing downhill skis on the glaciers above Val Sesiales in the Italian Alps. In September he started full-time training there. On the morning of Sept. 14 he and the Norwegian racer, Erik Haker, a fine downhiller, made a training run, then another. Stenmark was absolutely at the top of his form.

"He was a second faster than Haker," says Lang, who was there. "He is the supreme racer, and he was doing very high speeds." On his third run, the following day, Stenmark hit a compression at high speed. A bit of wind buffeted him at the same time, and he went out of control and into a violent, tumbling fall over perhaps

200 meters of the glacier. For a moment he was unconscious. Then, lying in the snow, he went into a series of violent spasms and began foaming at the mouth as if he were having an epileptic seizure. Stenmark was helicoptered to a hospital at Bolzano, Italy, where it was discovered he had a major concussion. When Lang saw him later that day, Stenmark, prone in a hospital bed, said, "I'll be back."

Last week he was back. His gold medals in the giant slalom and the slalom did not quite match the legendary fears of Jean-Claude Killy, but Stenmark was still the indisputable king of Whiteface Mountain—though he wasn't the only king on the slope. Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden was at the finish line to witness his subject's triumphs.

Stenmark wasn't always his usual flawless self. In his first run of the GS, he skied an oddly unorthodox run. Indeed, at the fourth gate from the bottom, he almost fell—something he has not done in years. He lost precious split seconds there, and the next day he was to start the second run from third position. But

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Little Eerhenshien was big with Marcel

when Stenmark skied that run, he was once again perfection personified, finishing in 1:20.23, a spectacular .95 of a second ahead of the entire field. He was then escorted into the presence of the other king of the racemen, who said to him, "I was frightened during your run yesterday. I was afraid you would fall." Said Stenmark, "So was I."

The slalom was also a bit of a cliff-hanger. The two courses were set down dramatic, steep terrain that formed a fast and very technical run. After the first go-round Stenmark was fourth, .58 of a second behind the leader, Phil Mahre of White Pine, Wash. But then Stenmark produced another of his patented second runs, finishing more than a full second faster than Mahre to win the gold medal with a combined time of 1:44.26 to Mahre's 1:44.36.

If possible, Stenmark is now even more of a national hero than heretofore. Though Bjorn Borg occasionally out-erisks Stenmark in sports popularity polls in Sweden, there is a warmer feeling for Stenmark because, unlike Borg, he has kept his home in Sweden, pays taxes there and has served his prescribed tour of duty in the army.

Stenmark is a Swede through and through, a stoic fellow whose stubborn shield of shyness cannot be penetrated. He is from cold mountains more than 1,000 miles north of Stockholm, better Arctic country where, on winter's shortest days, the sun can be glimpsed for no more than half an hour. Stenmark spent his first six years living on his grandparents' farm, a few miles from his present hometown of Tannaby. It was a lonely place, with only a few Lapp children living nearby, and young Ingemar skied because, as he says now, "It was a thing I could do alone." After he moved to Tannaby to be with his parents, he went to school but remained shy to the point of seething disabuse. He was also a grin and stubborn perfectionist, sobbing angrily whenever he was beaten in children's ski races.

Now Stenmark is rich—very rich—and famous—very famous. Indeed, his parents were married in a civil wedding ceremony only four years ago because their son had become so famous. In the hard, pragmatic life-style of the Swedish



Although he won the giant slalom, Stenmark lost the rights to his first run, frightening his skip.

Arctic, formal marriage has never been considered more than that—a formality—but with all the world watching Ingemar, his mother and father decided to meet others' standards of propriety. As for riches, Stenmark's double gold medals could mean as much as \$1 million a year to him.

And Mahre, as the first American man in 16 years to win an Olympic Alpine medal of any color, should make good bucks, too. Indeed, the day after his fine slalom run on Whistler, he was back on the mountain—this time shooting a commercial for American Express. But anything Mahre gains is only God's proper reward to a tough and courageous young man. The multiple left ankle fracture he suffered less than a year ago in a World Cup giant slalom had so gnashed and mashed the bones of the joint that when Dr. Richard Steadman opened the ankle for surgery and saw the mess in

there he said in dismay, "God damn!" In the Olympic slalom it was not his left ankle but a snapped-off gate pole that may have cost him the gold.

The slalom course gates were set with old-fashioned bamboo poles, not the newfangled kind that don't break off; they pop back up when hit by a skier. After a marvelous first run in which he sent gate poles flying, Mahre was in first place by a full .39 of a second. In the critical second run he maneuvered a bit roughly through the first five gates and then struck a pole that became caught between his knees. It stayed there while he twisted through another three or four gates. Later Mahre said, "I was pushing myself too hard from the top, but if I hadn't had the problem with the pole I would have fought it out. With my knees together I just couldn't

Stenmark (13) got a second gold in the slalom, while Mahre capped his comeback with a silver.



get rid of it. And I lost my rhythm."

That night Phil, his parents, his twin Steve, three of their seven brothers and sisters and a crowd of ski team members and sponsors celebrated at a Lake Placid restaurant. They teased Phil, who grinned and blushed brightly, but remained as silent as the Swede who had beaten him. As the group ate dessert, Marc Hodler, president of the Fédération Internationale de Ski, ordered the room, called for silence and presented Mahoe with a gold medal in the shape of a snowflake. It was for winning the FIS combined event here—a non-Olympic prize to which Phil once again responded with a beet-red blush and silence.

And then there was Liechtenstein's Hanni Wenzel. With her golds in the giant slalom and slalom and her silver in the downhill, Wenzel equaled the feat of Rosi Mittermaier at Innsbruck in 1976, and thereby tied her for the best Alpine performance by a woman in Winter Olympic history. Wenzel is now on the brink of rivaling the queen herself, Annemarie Moser-Pröll, as the preeminent women skier on the World Cup circuit. Her silver in the downhill was something of a surprise, but her golds in the slaloms were not. In the giant slalom, on a very difficult course, Wenzel felt she had skied badly, and as she waited at the finish she said, "I skied with so many mistakes that I don't see I can win." But she did, although she exclaimed, "I can't believe I won. It can't be true."

True it was, and on the morning of the slalom, a day the color of old dishwater, with strange sticky snow, Wenzel told her coach, Jean-François Fournier of Switzerland, "I feel great and I like the course." Just before she took the chairlift to the top, her brother, Andreas, 21, who had won a silver in the men's giant slalom, spoke to her. Someone asked him what he had said. "I told her, 'Have a good run.'" And what had Hanni said? "She said, 'Thanks.'" Andreas grinned. "We don't waste many words," he said.

All the Alpine events on Whiteface were like that: everyone from the silent Swede to the tongue-tied twin to the eminently uneloquent Liechtensteiner preferred to let his or her feet—and his or her medals—speak for themselves.

—WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

CONTINUED

A STERLING FIGURE

Now that it's all over, now that the battle has been fought and history has been carved in ice, now it can be told. The 19-year-old woman staying at Lake Placid's Hilton Inn under the name of Miss L. Danoffs was actually Linda Fratianne, the U.S. and world women's figure skating champion and the mystery lady of the Winter Games. And while most everybody in town wondered where in the Adirondacks Linda had disappeared to, for almost two weeks she lived in Room 726 of the Inn's Lakeshore

Building, subsisting on yogurt and wedges of cheesecake smuggled in under her coat lest her coach find out.

For a few hours last Saturday, while she was still in pseudonymous seclusion, Fratianne represented the last chance for a U.S. woman to win a gold medal at Lake Placid. The Games were winding down all too fast: the women's slalom had ended at about noon—another zip for the U.S.—and the only other events left were the hockey and four-man bobsled finals. The final in women's figure

skating were set for 7:30 p.m., and this event, it seemed likely, would produce a golden moment for America.

Fratianne was ready for it. As the shadowy Miss L. Danoffs, she had escaped the bass-drum pressures corralled on many of the competitors in a small town where everybody seemed to be living in everybody else's back pocket, and on the day of the competition she was relaxed and unharried. Despite the cheesecake, her weight was down four pounds to about 95—"not a bad fighting weight for me," she allowed—and she was ready to roll. She was also down in the standings, in second place, but the freestyle finals count for 50% of a skater's total score and Fratianne's traditional strong finish could wipe out that deficit.

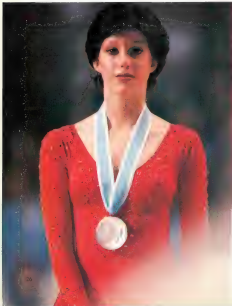
As everyone knows by now, the real Fratianne came out of hiding to take part in one of the toughest showdowns in Olympic skating history. She performed marvelously and won a standing, whooping ovation and armloads of flowers from the crowd in the Olympic Field House. The judges' scoreboards lit up with 5.8s and 5.9s—6.0 is as good as it gets—and that seemed to take care of that. When it was all over, Linda had apparently wiped out all her opponents. But, it turned out, one had not been erased.

Check this score: the gold medal, 189.00 points to 188.30, went to East Germany's Anett Pöttsch (pronounced perch), 19, who had built a solid lead in the compulsories and was flat not going to surrender it in the finals, no matter how much the partisan crowd hollered. And though there was controversy about the scoring of the compulsories, such talk couldn't diminish the final spectacle. It was an absolute go-for-it dancy in shades of brilliant red, Fratianne, and pale pink, Pöttsch. As they whirled through their four-minute programs, Fratianne pulled off stunning loops and jumps; so did Pöttsch. Fratianne floated through a balletic sequence that was explosively poetic; so did Pöttsch. "This was my biggest success ever," said Pöttsch, the 1978 world champion and current European champion.

"I'm disappointed," said Fratianne, weary but gracious, "but this isn't the end of the world." Indeed, it is not: like the defending world championship pair

continued

Pushed each forbidden cheesecake, Fratianne gave it a whirl in the long program but came up short



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of Randy Gardner and Tai Babilonia, forced out of the Olympics when Gardner was injured, Fratiannie must now decide whether or not to defend her world title next month in West Germany. As of last Sunday night, it seemed that it could go either way. Fratiannie's mother had been fuming ever since the school figures on Wednesday over what she termed sinister political influences that had held Linda back, had kept her from entering the finals in a more advantageous position. She would sue somebody if necessary, Virginia said, or pull her daughter out of the world meet if that's what it would take to remedy the situation. It is accepted tradition that passions run hot over skating's scoring system—but, in this case, they were at a full boil.

It is a measure of U.S. preoccupation with gold medals that there is a tendency in some quarters to regard Fratiannie's silver medal as a failure. Don't listen to such nonsense; this was the best of battles and a joy to behold. The kids staged it out toe to toe.

Almost forgotten in this sizzling wind-up was the fact that the bronze medal went to Dagmar Lurz of West Germany, who also had led Fratiannie in the school figures but whose freestyle skating seemed limp compared to that of the top two. Pottsch and Fratiannie were also more dazzling than the top guns in the men's competition. As expected, Robin Cousins of Great Britain lured off with the gold, leaving East Germany's Jan Hoffmann and Charlie Tickner of the U.S. in the two-three spots. The competition had been fine, all right, but through the week the buildup for the women had been more intense.

Lord knows it isn't easy being the most sought-after woman in a manic little town full of celebrity-hungry reporters and fans. It was this sizzling atmosphere that had driven the Fratiannies into hiding. The mystery name of Danolfo had come easily enough. It was Virginia's maiden name. Even Linda's coach, Frank Carroll, was forced to stash himself away at the Lakeshore Building, Room 725, under the name Ron Ferris—Ron Ferris—a nom de skate known to only a few folks in Lake Placid.

Just as golden boy Eric Heiden was constantly besieged, Fratiannie couldn't

make a move without setting off a wild pursuit punctuated by bleating cries of "It's Linda, you guys!" Jostling crowds of reporters would beg for interviews, any tiny scrap of information that could be flashed to the home news desk. "What did you have for breakfast, Linda?" And "Where have you been? What you been doing with your time, Linda?"

Well, this is what Fratiannie had for breakfast: a lot of Dannon yogurt, the official yogurt—yech!—of the Games. This is where she was: in the Lakeshore Building or at the Potluck Deli on Main Street, her head ducked down and her coat collar turned up, buying that sensational cheesecake at 75¢ a wedge.

"Frank Carroll would have a fit if he knew," Linda said. "Boy, he watches my diet like crazy. I'm supposed to eat all the good-for-you stuff. But Mom and I smuggle the cheesecake home and sit up in bed at night and scarf it like crazy."

"I've gained two, Linda's down four," Virginia said. "We sound like the daily Dow-Jones report."

"Listen," said Linda, "when we go to national or world competitions, it's always the same thing: we secretly order food from the hotel room service late at night, and then we get the empty trays in the hallway outside somebody else's door so that Frank will never know."

But Frank Carroll knew all, of course—he even occasionally scarfed up some cheesecake himself—but he is understanding enough to know when to turn down the pressure.

On the morning before the finals, not knowing that she would end up as her country's last hope for a women's gold medal, Fratiannie stood in Room 725 with a sad look on her face and said, "Look at this." There were four bouquets of flowers that had been presented to her after the women's short program. They came in all kinds and colors, in bursts of bright reds and yellows. The night before, she had put them outside on the balcony to keep them fresh, but they had frozen solid overnight and now each petal was encased in clear ice.

Fratiannie shrugged and turned away. "I think that tells us something about life in figure skating," she said. "But right now, I can't think of what it might be." Suddenly she grinned, with a flash of dimples. "Anyway, listen," she said. "I'm hungry. Let's go scarf up some food."

—BOB OTTUM

END

Who's No. 1? DePaul right now, but when the NCAAs start, anyone could be, so evenly distributed is the talent

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

WHY THE GAME IS ON THE LEVEL

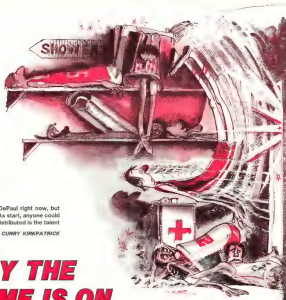
For all those college basketball teams that will be left uninvited to this year's NCAA playoffs, the number to call is 966-3377. In East Lansing, Mich. and Terre Haute, Ind., call collect. That's 966-3377 or, on your telephone dial, W-O-O-F-E-R-S. Because considering the new and ridiculously overexpanded tournament field, real hounds are obviously what these purists will be.

By expanding from a 40- to a 48-team field, the NCAA appears to have cheapened the regular season, rendered meaningless all those conference possession playoffs and made its spec-

tacular March-long carnival as easy to qualify for as, well, the NBA playoffs.

Among the teams that will probably receive invitations next week are Furman, which at one time this season lost three straight games by a total of 48 points and then had a fourth canceled; UCLA, now known as Kiki and the Kollapsible Kids; and Duke, the Mike Givinski-led Gflop of the Gcentury.

Whether these semischwens deserve the bids is another question. The Palladins of Furman—remember TV's Have Gun, Will Travel?—did dominate the Southern Conference and saluted the





league championship away along about Ground Hog Day. Have fun, won't travel. But the callow Bruins, despite a nice rally last month, during which Coach Larry Brown went back to basics and slept in the ticket lines, will probably finish fourth in the Pac-10. And the Blue Devils, whose coach, Bill Foster, can't seem to evacuate the scene quickly enough, may wind up sixth-best in the ACC following that league's annual possession shenanigans.

In another sense, however, the NCAA may have been more prescient than its reputation would lead anybody to believe

it could be. Given this winter's multitude of upsets, injuries, star newcomers, home-and-road reverse margins, topsy-turvyism and sheer, unadulterated balance, who's to say we don't need a year-end tournament of such enormous numbers to separate the wheat from the chaff?

In this up-and-down, surprises-all-around season, statisticians should try some of these beauties on for size:

- In one week in January, nine of the Top 20 teams in the wire-service polls were defeated.
- Two teams that at different early dates

held the No. 1 ranking—Indiana and Duke—dropped all the way out of the Top 20.

• At the end of last week the brutal Big Ten had had 11 overtime games and a total of 36 games decided by five points or fewer. Indiana, back from a slump during which Coach Bobby Knight was reprimanding his home crowd and the Hoosier fans were booing him back, leads the league in average scoring margin (for conference games) with a whopping 1.5-point differential. High and mighty Ohio State has battered Big Ten opponents by an average of 2.6 points a game.

continued

■ The trio of the Last—Syracuse, St. John's, and Georgetown—staged a remarkable round robin, each bouncing one from others off one lower's home court in the first seconds. Combined margin of victory: five points. The Redmen snared the Hojas at Washington in overtime, 11-69. Following that, Georgetown beat Syracuse to end the Orangemen's N-game home-winning streak, 52-50. And following that, the boys from Syracuse went to the Big Apple and defeated St. John's 2-21. Paper covers rock, rock breaks worms, worms eat paper.

■ Bludies—one of the few runaway conference winners, escaped from three straight Missouri Valley home games with one-point decisions and next led a 10-7 West Texas team in Pagra, TX, by only one with 10 seconds to go before rousing 84-79. Still, the Braves, led by their vaperb forward, Mitchell Anderson, became the only team in the 64-year history of the Valley to go from last place to first in one season.

■ In Utah, the Beehive State, things were about as the top of three conferences, Big Sky champion Weber State had to go into overtime twice to win its last-place home State in their home-and-home series. PCAA champion Utah State won four overtime games but lost at home to a 13-game loser, Fullerton State, WAC champion Brigham Young won seven games by a total of nine points. And perennially dangerous Utah is 8-4 in the conference, 4-11 non-league and 0-5 in forfeits.

■ In the ACC, the only real difference among the six top teams—four of which may end up with 20 wins—is Maryland's winning record on the road. Maryland, North Carolina, NC State, Clemson, Virginia and Duke were, collectively, 37-4 at home. But the Terps won the championship.

in effect, when the remarkable Albert King deflected a Tar Heel inbound pass with two seconds left at College Park on Feb. 7 to preserve a 70-69 victory.

■ In the SEC, the difference has been home-court failure. Tennessee flipped off seven straight wins in the league before dropping a one-point heartbreaker to LSU at Knoxville. The Vols lost their next four and were finished. In a series of road-game shockers, Alabama beat LSU, Kentucky and Georgia, which in a normal year would have set up the Tide for the conference title. But then 'Bama lost to the same three teams at home and fell to fourth place. Meanwhile LSU embarrassed Kentucky at Lexington, Ky., forging a tie for the regular-season lead, but then—sit for fat—the Wildcats traveled down to Baton Rouge on Sunday and retained the honor, winning the championship, 76-74.

■ One day in the Big Eight—Feb. 16—saw underdogs win three games on the road by a total of eight points, while Missouri edged last-place Oklahoma State 69-64 and took undisputed possession of the league lead. Oklahoma, which lost only one starter from last season's championship team, finished 6-8 and in sixth place. Even with Jack Hamman's characteristically solid coaching, Kansas State couldn't win any league game by more than 10 points. Or lose any by more than 10, either. One evening K State, 8-2 at the time, journeyed to Iowa State, 2-8. The Cyclones played without a single head coach, Lynn Nance having resigned and been replaced by two assistants, who shared the duties. But the Wildcans were awarded only two free throws—and failed to make either of them—and Iowa State, 12 for 18 from the line, won 66-58, proving once and for all that when you've got two referees, you hardly need any head coaches.

■ Even DePaul, unbeaten though it may be, isn't head and shoulders above everybody else. Of their 26 consecutive victories, the Blue Demons have won 15 by fewer than 10 points, 11 of those by six points or fewer. DePaul blazed



Just say! Today's freshmen know how to handle it.

Northern Illinois, Eastern Michigan, Lamar and Dayton by two points each; that foursome has gone on to a sparkling combined win-loss record of 51-45. The Blue Demons' strongest opponent, LSU, played a league game against Tennessee on a Saturday, then traveled to Chicago on Super Sunday without its strongest player, Darnell Macklin, and outscored the home team by nine field goals. DePaul made 28 free throws to LSU's five and won 78-73.

"I've never been through a season like this," says Las Vegas Coach Jerry Tarkanian, who has been through a few winters, not to mention seasons. "Out of our 23 games, I bet 20 have gone to the wire. In fact, 12 of the Rebels' games have been decided by four points or fewer. You know, other guys get up in the morning and go to work and nothing happens. But I know every time we play a game, it's going to the wire."

The reasons for this colossal parity are not difficult to figure. One is the freshman-eligible rule, which is now seven years old. This means that the grade-schoolers of the early '70s have had plenty of time to perceive what happens when a recruit picks the right school, coach and environment—and what develops when he picks the wrong one, too. Now high school stars no longer flock to the night or 10 "name" schools. Instead, they enroll elsewhere, at places where they know they will play a lot and play soon.

"I don't want to sit in a common classroom we hear from the top recruits if



Last week's unshuffled Louisville

we can't show them an open position," says Purdue Coach Lee Rose.

Coaches are forever moaning and groaning about the freshman eligibility rule. The kids aren't ready. They're unprepared socially. Can't handle the study load. Get homesick. Make too many turnovers. In truth, the fact that a five-man game can be affected so dramatically by a single fellow and that that fellow can be all of 18 years old is the most important factor in the remarkable balance in college ball.

"The freshman rule that prevents red-shirting has made many kids look more carefully before they sign," says University of San Francisco Coach Dan Bellocant. "They want to play, or at least have a shot at playing, right away. You know, these kids may seem immature but they know their recent basketball history. They know that Moses Malone, Bill Wiloughby and Darryl Dawkins all went directly from high school to the pros. They feel, some of them, that they're on the border of playing pro ball and they don't want to delay their chances of moving up."

Over each of the last four seasons one tall freshman center has arrived—Gminski at Duke (1976-77), Jeff Rutland at Iowa (1977-78), Rudy Woods at Texas A&M (1978-79) and Ralph Sampson at Virginia (1979-80)—to completely turn the program around at his school. And this season, at least six teams have been propelled to the top of their conferences by freshmen, while a seventh has charged to the top of the country by the same means.

Specifically, where would Indiana and Ohio State be without Isiah Thomas and Clark Kellogg? Whither Kentucky and LSU without Sam Bowie and Howard Carter? What about Louisville without Rodney McCray? Missouri without Steve Stipanovich? Or DePaul without Terry Cummings and Teddy Grobbs?

In addition, Rufand, Woods, Sampson, Carter, Stipanovich, Cummings and Grobbs all are examples of another significant new trend: good players are staying home. They're turning down the allure of faraway places with near-sounding names to attend the college just around the corner.

Not that the freshman rule has resulted

in less mobility. To the contrary, with four years to work with, transferring is the easy way out for a player who's unhappy. Kyle Macy left Purdue for Kentucky, Bob Bender went from Indiana to Duke. Reggie Carter, Bernard Rensch and Curtis Redding came home from Hawaii, Notre Dame and Kansas State, respectively, to play at St. John's. Steve Korkkila, edited from North Carolina and wound up at Iowa.

On the other hand, it was only after Maryland's Lefty Driesell rid himself of an entire benchful of despondents—Brian Magid transferred to George Washington, Billy Bryant to Western Kentucky, Turk Tillman to Eastern Kentucky and Julio Hunter to Colorado, where he has made a more smashing impact than

Ralphie the Buffalo—that Driesell and the Terps could start moving to their best season in years. What Driesell had done, what John Wooden used to do at UCLA, what Joe Hall and Diaper Phelps, to a certain extent, can still do at Kentucky and Notre Dame, is called—as in preparation for nuclear war—stockpiling. On occasion, as it was in Driesell's case, the pile of stock discovers there is not enough playing time to go around. Usually, however, a coach would find a big stockpile to be the next-best thing to owning his own ref.

Well, stockpiling has all but ended, because of the players' increasing reluctance to sit and because of another rule, now in its third year on the books. Once the NCAA had as low as the number of basketball scholarships a school could give. Then it restricted a team to a total of 25. The limit then was lowered to 20, to 18 and, starting in the 1977-78 season, to 15. While Wooden, for one, insists he never had more than 15 scholarship players in school at the same time—when more were permitted—there's good reason to believe that famous schools routinely enrolled like-

chippers as bench-warming insurance.

"UCLA used to recruit some kids just to keep them away from schools like ours," says George Raveling of Washington State, who will never forget Sven Nater, among others.

That can't happen anymore, and, thus, the national player pool will be more evenly distributed. "The UCLA's, the Kentuckys, North Carolinas and Marquettes—people like that—are still going to get top kids," says Texas A&M Coach Shelby Mettauf, "but when they can only take 15 instead of 18 or 25, they're cutting some good people loose."

Some teams have struck a mother lode lately without going after the phorms. The 6' 11" plant lover, Roosevelt Bouie, came over the snowdrifts to Syracuse



TV coverage has meant big bucks to more schools

from tiny Kendall, N.Y. Slithery Billy Williams—the best guard in the ACC—quietly arrived at Clemson from Raleigh, N.C. by way of Brenard Community College in Cocoa, Fla. And if you can name the nationally unknown, two best players in the Pac-10 and Southwest conferences, respectively, you win an all-expense-paid trip to Pullman, Wash. and Waco, Texas. That is where Don Collins of Washington State and Terry Teagle of Baylor do their stuff.

More black players performing at the big state universities in the South. Additional conferences springing up with accompanying TV exposure, especially in the East. Bigger and better arenas across the land. Players who are so-

continued

phatistic enough as freshmen to handle conditions on the road. ("I recruit New York City school kids who play summer games in Utah," says Georgetown Coach John Thompson. "Washington summer programs send players to Las Vegas. Kids go overseas in the summer now. When I was in high school in D.C., we were lucky to go to Baltimore. There are no foreign courts anymore. Good players will play well wherever the game is.") All these factors have contributed to parity in college basketball. Since UCLA's Wooden retired after winning the 1975 championship, 16 different teams have made it to the final four; the last three national champions—Marquette, Kentucky and Michigan State—were defeated in the regular season a total of 15 times. The word coaches frequently use in discussing this phenomenon is "contingent."

"Everyone has made a strong commitment to the big time," says Alabama's C. M. Newton. "You have to look long and hard to find a Division I school that has not said it wanted championship basketball. Just look around our league. Everyone has a nice, new place to play. (Florida is building one.) There have been 19 coaching turnovers in the last 12 years, and only three of them were voluntary. There is a hunger everywhere."

Alabama is not the only football school to have finally accepted round ball. In his six years at Arkansas, Eddie Sutton has built a program and reputation that rival those of North Carolina's Dean Smith. That is, no matter whom he recruits or where he plays, Sutton is expected to coach his team to respectability—on the court and at the box office. Since 1974 Arkansas' basketball revenues have climbed from \$40,000 a season to about \$1 million. "It can be done anywhere," says Sutton. "We just did it faster than most schools could."

Radio and TV have made basketball an attractive financial proposition for schools from coast to coast. When Hugh Durham took the coaching position at Georgia last year, a priority was the Bulldog radio network, which he increased



No babies in the woods. Freshmen want to play!

from five stations to 35. San Francisco, even with Bill Russell, never had anything more than FM broadcasts from a school station. But for the last five seasons the Don't games have been on major radio and television stations in the Bay Area.

College games on cable TV have proliferated at a stunning rate. If you can't catch about 10 or 20 games a night on the tube, you're either unplugged or unaware of the all-night charms of something called ESPN-TV.

The opportunistic beneficence of NBC and TVS have made the NCAA tournament a gold mine, even for first-round losing teams, one of which is said to have received \$60,000 for a defeat last March. "I remember back in 1959 when we played five games, went to the NCAA finals and won it all, we only got \$16,000," says former California Coach Pete Newell. "Has the dollar depreciated that much?"

Well, maybe. But the sport has changed and is being appreciated more—even by those who formerly loathed it. Stalls, delays, four corners and the other tactics used to freeze the action. Such stratagems have proliferated throughout the college game; they constitute the single most important technical factor in evening up the competition.

"Everybody's going back to holding the ball," says Abe Lemons, coach of the Texas Longhorns. "You've got a better chance to win if you keep the score low—

that's a proven fact. If the other team's got better material, just don't turn 'em loose. You'll notice most of the upsets involve very low scores."

Wyoming let the air out and upset Brigham Young 56-53. Princeton, young and not overly talented, passed the ball around all night, keeps scores in the 50s and has won enough on frustration alone to be going into the season's final week with a crack at the Ivy League title. Stanford virtually came to a complete halt against Oregon State before the Beavers responded in kind and won 18-16.

Then, of course, there is the ACC where everybody has a copy of North Carolina's four corners—the latest being Clemson's Tiger Parade. And at Tennessee, 5'7" Ralph Patton has gone from walk-on to hero as the designated dribbler in the Vol stall. "I can't play up there with the T-footer," says Patton, "but he can't play down here with me, either."

LSU's rannin', gannin', jokin', often revokin' Tigers are the most recent circus to tone down their act and master the slowdowns. "A year ago we'd have had to hire an armed guard to get our guys to play a delay," says Coach Dale Brown. "Now they love it." They should. With point man Ethan Martin and Carter directing the flow, LSU won nine of the 10 times it went to the delay game.

Injuries are also a contributing factor. Indiana, ranked No. 1 at the start of the campaign, lost Randy Wittman and the peerless Mike Woodson, and there went the Hoosiers' national championship. But, wait, Woodson recovered from disc surgery two months ahead of schedule and is back in the lineup and playing better than ever. Hello title! North Carolina lost freshman Forward James Worthy, already perhaps the Tar Heels' best player, and there went UNC's championship. Iowa lost All-America Guard Ronnie Lester for two weeks, got him back and then lost him again. Say good night, Hawkeyes. Kerry Derrard, the haunting heart and guts of Duke's team, went down, and so did the Blue Devils, especially after Foster admitted interest in the South Carolina coaching job. Cen-

ter Scooter McCray tore the cartilage in his right knee and sat out the season at Louisville. Defensive stopper Bill Hanzlik dislocated his left index finger and missed several games for Notre Dame. Dwight (the Blur) Anderson contracted a bad case of the altitude and departed Kentucky. And Joe Barry Carroll, the man with so many names and so little to say, caught the "long-dank-ing disease," and Purdue flourished.

What all of this means is that an already wide-open season was opened up even wider, most notably in the conference races. Into the breach stepped the likes of an unbeaten DePaul, an impressive Syracuse and a rejuvenated Louisville, whose Coach Denny Crum, after bidding farewell to one McCray, simply inserted a substitute McCray—Scooter's younger brother Rodney—in his place and won 18 straight games.

All year the ratings have mirrored the season's only imbalance, which is a geographical one. Among the 20 teams ranked in last week's two wire-service polls, 13 were from the NCAA's Eastern and Midwestern regions. This means that a lot of powerful strangers could be playing in the Midwest and West regions when the NCAA tournament begins. The selection committee has promised to send only of the 48 teams anywhere in the interest of equal competition and four balanced regions.

Traditionally, the NCAA has permitted conference champions and the best

independents to remain in their own regions. But this time that would result in an overload at the Midwest at Lexington, Ky. DePaul, Notre Dame, probably Indiana and either LSU or Kentucky would be fighting it out on the home court of Kentucky, which, of course, wouldn't be quite fair.

Other questions remain. Who from the Western half can win anything? Arizona State and Oregon State are too passive, Brigham Young too white, Missouri too slow and Texas A&M too unintelligent. How many teams will be chosen from each of the two strongest conferences, the Big Ten and ACC? Three? Four? Five? Georgia Tech? All 18? And finally, who will be this tournament's Masho State, UNC-Charlotte, Pennsylvania, Cinderella?

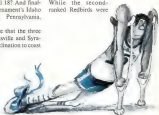
It's interesting to note that the three favorites—DePaul, Louisville and Syracuse—have shared an inclination to coast and play only as hard as the opponent might happen to dictate. Oh, sometimes the Orangemen blow out the competition—if you consider the likes of Siena competition—but even with that, the Louis (Ore) and Boule Show lost its only two games by dying on the vines of a 16-point lead against Georgetown and a 13-point margin at Old Dominion.

While Louisville's former Doctors of Dusk turned into Doctors of Moderation and seemed bored through most of their play in the weak Metro Conference, they did exhibit a tenacious full-court press and some bodacious offensive rebounding all season long. But once having reached the top rung, after impressive road victories over UCLA and Missouri, DePaul also evinced ennui and appeared to be going through the motions, trying to discover just which member of the starting team could

ride up 66-year-old Coach Ray Meyer the most.

These two talented teams may have been busy watching the conference battles across the nation. Or they may have been waiting to see which of their stars—the Demons' doughboy, Mark Aguirre, or the Cardinals' sky-dancing guard, Darrell Griffith—wins player of the year. Or they may have been merely marking time until the tournament.

Last week, this insouciance nailed Louisville when the Cardinals came into Madison Square Garden to play Iowa in the midst of one of their end-of-the-season swoon songs. While the second-ranked Redbirds were



Potential grants have been cut down by injuries.

trying to figure out how many bows to take, Ruland, the muscular pivotman of unranked (at least until this week) Iowa, proceeded to do some awesome rear-end kicking. Ruland bulled his way to 30 points and 21 rebounds, exposing Louisville's vulnerability to an inside game.

After Coach Jimmy "V" Valvano's well-drilled, vastly underrated team had dealt the Cards right out of Manhattan, 77-60—before the very eyes of DePaul's Blue Demons, who had just yawned their way past Wagner in the opening game of the doubleheader—Valvano said that this was his most stunning "V," a "dream come true." What it also happened to be was another example of parity come full circle in college hoops.

"On any given night we can beat the best 50 teams in America," says Louisville's Crum. "On any other night, they can beat us."

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For years inflation has steadily weakened the purchasing power of every cent you earn. Because of it, the American dollar, once the standard of the world, now buys less than half what it did only ten years ago.

It must be stopped. But is there anything we—each one of us—can do to stop it?

Absolutely! But only if we're willing to make the necessary sacrifices, backed by an immediate and personal commitment.

The ballot at right gives you that opportunity. It outlines possible options in five major areas of concern: productivity, deficit spending, monetary policy, government regulation, and energy conservation.

We're asking you to join us in this citizens' crusade for two important reasons. First, inflation is not just an economic problem. It's also the result of our individual and collective expectations. Rethinking those expectations and deciding what personal sacrifices we're willing and able to make is essential. Second, we believe inflation is the most pressing national issue of our time and urgently requires action on the part of every individual and every segment of our society.

Make your decisions, mark your ballot, mail it to us. We'll forward the

MARK IN THE INFLATION.

Inflation Warns of

A House budget panel issued a 20-point proposal today designed to restrain any runaway inflation.

There Are No Simple Solutions to Inflation

The 11 percent increase in July's wholesale prices reported last week was another reminder of the inflation problem. What follows is an attempt to summarize the situation.

BALLOT

☐ I VOTE TO SELF-CONTROL INFLATION.

I recognize and accept my personal responsibility and will share my views with others.

HERE'S HOW I'LL DO MY SHARE.

- ☐ I will not ask for new government programs that require deficit financing and will expect our elected representatives to do the same.
- ☐ I will support a sound monetary policy by restricting my personal use of credit.
- ☐ I will not expect or ask for government regulations unless the social benefit justifies the cost.
- ☐ I will commit myself to being personally more productive and will support efforts that encourage industry to invest in new plants and equipment, product development, and job training.
- ☐ I will make every effort to conserve energy.

I, the undersigned, commit myself to the citizens' crusade against inflation and pledge to honor my commitment to self-control it to the best of my ability.

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(Please send this ballot to the above address.)

results to our nation's leaders in Washington and also report the results to you in a future ad.

But, please, do it today. There's no time to lose because, even as you read this ad, inflation is shrinking the value of the money in your pockets.

**THE LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANIES IN AMERICA**

Inflation. Let's Self-Control It.

Final seconds. The game is tight and so is your throat. You're hot, tired and you just don't want to take that last shot. What to do? If you're playing for Villanova University, you relax. You've got Rory Sparrow.

Sparrow doesn't only win an occasional game with last-second heroics—he's making a career of it. As a freshman he sent a game against West Virginia into overtime with a basket in the final second, and since then he has brought off the cardiac caper often enough to be dubbed the Buzzer Beater. Five times the Wildcat guard, now a senior, has won games for Villanova with just a tick or two remaining. Some examples:

- Feb. 4, 1978—Villanova trails George Washington 58-57 with 28 seconds to play. Unable to work the ball inside, Sparrow takes an off-balance 10-footer with eight seconds remaining. The shot goes in off the glass. Villanova wins, 59-58.

- March 3, 1978—In the semifinals of the Eastern Eight Conference tournament, Villanova and Pittsburgh have been in a virtual tie for more than seven minutes. With 20 seconds left, Pitt has possession and is playing for the last shot. With seven to go, a Panther is called for charging Sparrow, who takes the inbound pass and drives the length of the court through a proxy to hit a 15-foot shot with one second left. Villanova, 72-70.

- March 17, 1978—In the NCAA East Regionals at Providence, Jim Wiseman scores with 39 seconds to play to give Indiana a 60-59 lead over Villanova. Again the plan is to work the ball inside, but again Sparrow has to take the shot. Another off-balance jumper goes in with nine seconds remaining. Though Indiana's Wayne Radford launches a futile 35-foot shot at the buzzer, Villanova wins, 61-60.

- Feb. 6, 1980—Twenty-seven seconds left in a 72-72 game with George Washington. Villanova's Coach Rollie Massimino sets up a

Bzzzzzzzz! Swish!

Villanova's Rory Sparrow has a knack for making winning shots at the buzzer



When the clock winds down, Sparrow starts to wind up

play for Forward Alex Bradley but the ball is batted free by GW. Sparrow swoops it up and hits a 16-footer at the buzzer for the win.

- Feb. 12, 1980—Against Rutgers the plan is for anyone but freshman Soavian Granger to take the last shot. With five seconds to play, Granger nonetheless takes the shot from deep in the left corner. The long rebound comes out to Sparrow, who makes another off-balance bank shot at the buzzer to give the Wildcats a 70-68 win.

"At the moment it's a thrill and the attention is nice, but you still have to go to practice the next day," Sparrow says. That's it? "Well ... all right. I mean I was a little kid, too. You always want people to know you, to whisper, 'He's the hero.' I've done it five times for Villanova, but if you count the projects I lived in, it's been at least 45."

The projects are in West Paterson, N.J., where Sparrow was raised. It was there that he decided the last seconds were the best part of the game.

"I really believe in that thrill of victory and agony of defeat stuff, and in the last seconds I feel that ABC camera right on me," Sparrow says. "There's no pressure. You can call all the time-outs and diagram all the plays you want, but it's going to break down somewhere down the line. Then it's just talent against talent. So you make sure that the wrist is hanging in the right spot and say, 'Let's go home, fellas.'"

Sparrow likes to tease about hanging winds and looking pretty for cameras, but he can afford to. And in truth he is something of a student of rebound angles and high-percentage shots ("When you're off-balance or in doubt go for the glass because there's a wider margin of error to work with," he says).

The tease is a game the impressive Sparrow plays with himself as well as with those around him. Sparrow literally cannot keep still. The head bobs, the arms twitch, and a



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Why? Because the Accord LX provides the kind of gas mileage usually associated with cars less lavishly equipped: **25** EPA estimated mpg, 35 highway mpg.

A glance at the instrument panel reveals the elegant nature of the Accord LX. Everything you see is standard, including air conditioning, variable assist power steering, quartz digital clock, automatic maintenance reminder,

electronic warning system, even a padded coin box.



Further standard features are remote control outside mirror, tonneau cover, front-wheel drive, four-wheel independent suspension, Michelin steel-belted radial tires, and velvety tricot upholstery. Optional this year on all Accords is our new fully automatic 3-speed transmission.

As you can see, fuel economy and automotive elegance are not mutually exclusive, at least not in the 1980 Honda Accord LX. That being the case, why not give up your luxury car for a luxury car?

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

100's: 10 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. 20 mg. "tar,"
1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report DEC. '79.

shred cackle of a laugh comes forth.

But against Notre Dame on Jan. 15, he didn't have the last laugh—or shot. Driving the left baseline, he seemed to give Villanova a one-point lead with three seconds to play, only to be beaten by a 35-footer at the buzzer by Tracy Jackson. That left Sparrow as an awfully speechless stun.

"All I remember is when it left his hands I thought, 'That ball is getting awfully close to the net. That ball is going through the net.' People were just going crazy everywhere. I just sat there and shrugged." Against Notre Dame, Sparrow was scoreless in the first half and didn't get back into the game until only six minutes were left. Thereupon he scored 10 points and brought Villanova to the brink of victory. Sparrow's scoring total was just 2 of a point off his season average, which is the second-lowest among the Wildcat starters. Center John Piazese is the team leader with 14.1, followed by Bradley (13.5), Guard Tom Sienkiewicz (12.2) and Forward Aaron Howard (7.7). None of these numbers an All-American makes, but balanced scoring often produces a winner, which 19-7 Villanova obviously is.

For all his last-second heroics, Sparrow has a tendency to drift at less critical moments, which leads to turnovers and inconsistency. As Mississippi says, "For us to play well as a team, Rory has to play well as an individual."

Sparrow says he now realizes how much Villanova needs him the first 39:59. "The problem is that, with all the diagrams and patterns and plays, I get uncomfortable within my role," Sparrow says. "I feel like a robot out there. You're not playing basketball, you're just going through motions, just doing. But with my handling the ball so much I had to snap out of it and start getting everyone their shots."

Not that he has completely given up on a hidden variance in the script every so often. "I'd like to get my shot, too," he says. "There isn't a point guard in the world who wouldn't love to shoot more. The only one who wouldn't is little Joey Poinsguard, who went to camp every summer for 10 years and never shot the ball. He would stop breakaway layups and look for a teammate to pass to."

An above-average student, Sparrow chose Villanova over Virginia and Kansas State, among others, because of his interest in its electrical engineering pro-

gram, but there is still one more little boy's dream that Sparrow would like to try. "Some guys think about nothing but hoops," he says. "I'm not that bad, but still, you can't have grown up in the U.S. and not have thought about playing pro ball. It has to be a goal if for no other reason than the money." To say nothing of hanging the wrist, banking the glass and beating the buzzer in the NBA.

THE WEEK

(Feb. 18-24)
by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDEAST Inish Thomas continued to get banged up, but Indiana nevertheless kept giving its opponents black eyes. Thomas, who two weeks ago needed 30 stitches over his left eye to close a gash he suffered during a game, took four more over his right eye after a dormitory scuffle. Bawled-scared but obviously not battle-scared, Thomas popped in 13 points and had three steals during Indiana's 75-72 victory at Michigan State. Mike Woodson scored 20 points in that game and 24 more as the Hoosiers beat Michigan 65-61 after losing a 37-point lead the way. Home teams have won 60 of 88 Big Ten games so far, but Indiana has now won its last three solid encounters. That's why Michigan Coach Johnny Orr laments that the Hoosiers, with Woodson playing superbly after recovering from early-season back surgery, are No. 1 in the country.

Still tied with Indiana for first place in the Big Ten was Ohio State, which won twice a shaky winner at home. The Buckeyes led last-place Northwestern by only two points with 3:17 left. It was then that Kelvin Ramsey, who had 20 points, took command, pouring off for a layup, covering two free throws and firing in a jumper. Following that 68-59 triumph, Ohio State blew a 30-point lead against Iowa and trailed 69-68. It took a lay-in eight seconds from the end by Herb Williams to pull the Buckeyes through 70-69. Williams finished with 11 points, 18 rebounds and nine blocked shots. Ramsey with 16 points and nine assists. That gave Ramsey 155 assists for the season.

A 75-64 loss at Michigan dropped Purdue out game back. The Boilermakers then got 24 points from Joe Barry Carroll to knock off Illinois 77-68.

"You can talk about X's and O's all you want, but you can't diagnose what Mark did. It was unbelievable," Seisaid Joey Meyer, DePaul's assistant coach, after Mark Aguirre sank 10 of 13 second-half shots and ended up with 40 points and 12 rebounds to stop La Salle 92-75. Michael Brooks of the Ex-

plorers snatched 15 rebounds and broke Tom Cota's school scoring record, his 24 points raised his total to 2,477. After doubling Wagner 105-89 at Madison Square Garden, the Blue Demons returned home to defeat Loyola of Chicago for the third time. It was no easy task, but Aguirre rallied his team from a 56-50 deficit and finished with 41 points as DePaul won 94-87.

Big Blue Wildcat, Kentucky's towering mascot, broke a cold during a time-out in a game against Mississippi State and had to be dragged off the floor. Although Big Blue was thrashed for the night and although Rickley Brown had 35 points and 14 rebounds for the Bulldogs, Kentucky prevailed 71-65. Louisiana State also had to scramble, but with DeWayne Scotts getting 32 points and 12 rebounds held off Mississippi 77-74. All of which left Kentucky and LSU tied for first place in the Southeastern race with only a Sunday matchup in Baton Rouge left. There the Wildcats averaged an earlier loss to the Tigers, winning 76-74 when Kyle Macy scored the only points in overtime by swishing an 18-foot jumper with one second to go.

Macy, the NCAA foul-drawing leader, drew three for having failed to convert two free throws in the final 3:28, only his seventh and eighth misses of the season. Kentucky trailed 36-35 at halftime, moved in front by eight with 6:23 remaining but fell behind 74-72 where Elton Martin of LSU dove for a basket. Wildcat freshman Sam Bowie squared punches at 74-61 with a layup with 30 seconds to play (60 tend the game into overtime. Bowie then tied up Greg Cook of the Tigers with 27 seconds left in the extra period and controlled the ensuing jump ball. Kentucky took a time-out to set up the game-winning basket. Martin, who connected on 12 of 15 field-goal attempts, had 29 points for the Tigers, while Fred Cowan led the Wildcats with 27 points.

In a battle between major independents, Marquette joined Notre Dame 77-74. Sam Worthington scored in 30 points, 18 of them in the second half, as the Warriors improved their record to 16-8.

More (Miss.) State, which began the week with the most prolific offense (92.9 points a game) and the widest average victory margin (18.9 points a game), topped its record to 24-1. With Larry South scoring 45 points, the Braves won 108-77 at South Carolina State and 71-68 at Arkansas-Little Rock.

1.DuPAUL(25-0)

2.KENTUCKY(26-0) 3.MICHIGAN(18-7)

MIDWEST "I just wanted to make these things happen, and to make sure they happened in our favor," Louisville's Darrell Griffith said after a 77-72 Metro victory over Virginia Tech. Griffith did precisely that by hitting on a three-point play, immediately sealing the ball, dribbling into

continued



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insurance is sold — and *not* sold — in inner-city neighborhoods.

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A lot of you aren't happy about who pays what for auto insurance. So we're taking another look at how rates are figured by age, sex, and marital status.³

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The point is simple: *If we're going to offer the kind of insurance you need and want today, we have to listen — and not just to what we like to hear.*⁵

Aetna may not agree with your every gripe. If not, we'll tell you so. But we promise you'll get action, not words, when we do.

Aetna wants insurance to be affordable.

¹ Talks with the NPA — a consumer coalition of over 300 inner-city neighborhood groups — led to a three-fold cost program now underway in sections of Chicago, Cleveland, New York, and Philadelphia. We're encouraging agents there to help us write more humane owner's manuals. In two of these cities, we're offering a new "Home Value Policy" that makes inner-city insurance affordable. And we've put up a \$275,000 grant to help rebuild rundown areas, backed by a commitment of up to \$15 million in higher risk urban development loans.

² The hotline is just the most recent expression of our long-standing concern. If you want to know what information we have about you on file, just ask. If you tell us something's wrong, we'll investigate and respond. As to Aetna[®]master, it not only offers lower premiums to start with, it can lower them even further when interest rates go up — a hedge against inflation.

³ Our studies so far show that about half of you think the traditional rating criteria are unfair. When told that new criteria could mean more money out of your

pocket, however, only about a third still thought change was a good idea. In the real world, decisions often involve some tradeoff between costs and benefits. What we have here are two problems to solve at once.

⁴ Aetna recognizes we've helped fuel rising costs by selling health insurance that doesn't always give the consumer a reason to be concerned about them. Deductibles and co-insurance while effective aren't always popular. Unfortunately we too often give the customer what he wants without looking at the tradeoffs. We

also haven't done enough to educate people to take better care of themselves or know when they're sick. Prevention is still cheaper than treatment.

⁵ It's now company policy to invite representatives from groups like the National Consumers' League up to Hartford. And Aetna now has 21 of its own consumer representatives who respond to your questions, suggestions, and complaints, somewhat unusual for an industry that's spent the last hundred years mostly listening to itself.

the lane and dipping a behind-the-back pass to teammate Jerry Evans for a layup and a secure 67-59 lead. In all, Griffith tossed in 23 points, six fewer than he had on Sunday during an 83-75 triumph at Florida State. Murray Brown of the Seminoles scored 13 points in that game to conclude a fruitful week. Brown had 21 points and 12 rebounds in Florida State's overtime Cleveland State and Franklin Edwards' 39 points 88-83. He then scored 20 points, got 13 boards and sank his last 11 field-goal attempts, including one at the buzzer, to defeat Alabama-Birmingham 88-87. Brown, a senior who has the highest career field-goal-accuracy percentage in NCAA history (.669), was off target during a 76-70 loss to Virginia Tech, scoring only 13 points on five-of-15 shooting.

"It's not a chess game for us anymore. We're down to checkers. I can't make many moves." That was Missouri Coach Norm Sloan's assessment of his plight after his top rebounder and No. 2 scorer, Curtis Berry, was sidelined for the week with a sprained knee. Stewart, who had only eight healthy plays left, made the right move when he replaced Berry with Mark Drevier. With Drevier connecting on nine of 11 floor shots and with his former high school teammate, Steve Spazewick, adding 30 points, the Tigers picked up Oklahoma's pieces, 81-69, to clinch first place in the Big Eight. Drevier contributed his marksmanship during a 67-65 victory over Kansas State by sinking six of nine field-goal attempts.

Texas A&M also did some nifty shooting (.647) to nail the Southwest title by winning 87-72 at Houston. Best of the Aggie sharpshooters was Vernon Smith, who hit on 13 of 16 and scored 26 points. Earlier, A&M took a one-game advantage over Arkansas, beating Texas Christian 57-48, while the Razorbacks were upset at Southern Methodist 52-58. Inevitable bites that led to a slough infection as the right knee of Scott Hastings hurt the Hogs, who got only 10 points and three rebounds from their usually productive center. Next time out, Arkansas whupped Texas Tech 84-60 to become the first SWC team to win 20 or more games four years in a row.

1. CALIFORNIA (28-3)
2. MISSOURI (22-6) 3. TEXAS A&M (22-7)

WEST

For the first time in 23 years, the Pac-10 race entered its final week with three teams in contention for the title, and none of them was UCLA. Deadlocked at the top were Oregon State and Arizona State. Quickness, deft passing and 23 points apiece by guards Ray Blaine and Mark Radford propelled the Beavers past Stanford 85-57. Arizona State caught up with the Orange Express by winning twice. First came an 11-dart, 92-80 defeat of UCLA, which had won the past 13 conference championships. Freshman Byron Scott netted 21 points

for the Sun Devils, whose 7-foot Alton Lister also had 21, plus 13 rebounds and five blocked shots. Arizona State then squandered a 14-point lead against Arizona, fell behind 67-66 and finally salvaged a 78-72 victory, lighting the decisive spark were Scott, who fired in 18- and 22-footers, and Lister, who blocked a shot and got a dunk. Scott wound up with 31 points. Immense Karl Nenehus with 30.

Two games off the pace was Washington State, which lost 89-66 at UCLA, even though Don Collins had 37 points. The Cougars then edged Southern Cal 69-67 at Statton House poured in 31 points and Collins 18. For the first time in more than 28 years of trying, Washington Coach Mary Henderson was a winner at UCLA. The Huskies won 72-70 when, after hounding up a planned play, Bob Frost fired in a desperation 25-footer at the buzzer sounded.

Another Collins—Weber State Guard Bruce—needed 15 points against Idaho State to become the Big Sky's all-time leading scorer. Collins got 38, tying his four-year total at 1,549 in the Wildcats (24-2) romped 81-67.

Western AC didn't Brigham Young become the first conference team ever to win all seven road games in one season. The Cougars accomplished this with a 111-86 victory at Colorado State and a 79-30 slowdown triumph at Wyoming. Devin Dumas' 13-for-15 shooting, 31 points, 12 rebounds and seven assists carried BYU in the first game. A flurry of late back-door buckets did the trick in the second outing. Utah State joined Weber State and BYU as the third team from the state to earn a league title, defeating Pacific 91-78 to clinch the top spot in the Pacific Coast AA.

1. OREGON STATE (24-3)
2. ARIZONA STATE (22-5) 3. BYU (22-4)

EAST

"I don't think the team was picked in the top 200 before the season," said Maryland Coach Lefty Driesell with pardonable exaggeration when his Terps, now in the Top Ten, clinched the Atlantic Coast Conference regular-season title by slaying Wake Forest 83-77. After the Deacons, who got 38 points from Alvin Ragen, moved in from 75-74, Maryland put on an R sport in which Alton King and Beek Williams each had a dunk and four points. King wound up with 32 points, seven rebounds and six assists. During an 82-71 win over Virginia, the chief contributors were Greg Marling with 24 points and Williams with 16 and nine rebounds. Furthermore, the 6'8" Williams held the Cavaliers' 7'4" Ralph Sampson to 12 points and five rebounds.

North Carolina State and North Carolina tied for second place. Hawkeye Whitney's 25 points enabled the Wolfpack to polish off the Tar Heels 63-50. Then Whitney, who feels his best chance with the press is as a guard, played the first half against Wake Forest at his regular forward spot, switched to the back-

court for the first 20 minutes and ended with 16 points and three assists as State was 44-41. North Carolina's Dean Smith became the fifth coach to rack up 10 straight 20-victory seasons when the Tar Heels unshowered Duke 96-71. For the Blue Devils, who were No. 1 in the nation early in the season, it was the fifth loss in seven games and their 14th consecutive defeat at Chapel Hill.

"We finally won the big one," shouted 6'10", 240-pound Jeff Rutland after Iowa broke Louisville's 18-game winning streak, 77-60. The Gachs, who derailed the Cardinals' renowned press, got 30 points and 21 rebounds from Rutland as they won with surprising ease despite 32 points by Louisville's Darrell Griffith. Iowa also beat Siena 84-72 and Fairfield 74-53 to finish the regular season with 13 straight victories and a 25-4 record.

Ken Howard, the star of TV's *The White Shadow*, sat on the Boston College bench and watched the Eagles score to a 34-18 lead

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

MARK AGUIRRE: DuPaul's 6'7", 235-pound sophomore forward poured in 103 points, connected on 48 of 76 field-goal attempts and pulled down 28 rebounds as the Blue Demons remained undefeated by winning three times.

over Syracuse. From there on, though, the Orangemen made BC look like Howard's Carrier High squad by using a crunching full court press to nifty for an 85-77 triumph. Before that, Syracuse whipped Niagara 107-82 behind freshman Erik Santiflor's 20 points.

With leading scorer Reggie Carter out with the flu, Curtis Redding got a chance to start for St. John's at Temple. Redding came through with 17 points as the Redmen won 63-58 in overtime. St. John's also had a squeaker at Providence, coming out on top 68-62, thanks to a succession of late streak. Syracuse and St. John's thus tied Georgetown for the Big East championship. The Hoyas took two non-league games—98-74 over George Washington and 105-78 over Holy Cross—to wind up 21-5 overall.

"If you had written a script about the way to end a career, you couldn't have topped this," said South Carolina Coach Frank McGuire. At One ended with the Gamecocks tied 54-54 with Western Kentucky after regulation time. At Two ended without a point having been scored in the first extra period. At Three began when Cedrick Hardaway, who had 25 points and 11 rebounds for South Carolina, put in two quick buckets. When the curtain came down, the Gamecocks were 73-65 winners and McGuire had the 550th victory of his 38-year college coaching career.

1. SYRACUSE (24-2)
2. MARYLAND (21-5) 3. ST. JOHN'S (23-3)

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Hi, do you remember me?

In 1975 I put the shot farther than anyone ever has. But I never made the record books. Now I've got a chance. For B...R...J...A...N G...L...D...

For Brian Oldfield it was a momentous occasion. After 3½ years of forced, frustrating exile from track and field, he was once again standing in a shotput circle facing world-class throwers in a major competition. The scene was last Saturday night's San Francisco Examiner Games in the Cow Palace, where Oldfield became the latest of several once-banned International Track Association pros to begin a comeback as an amateur. With the crowd of 10,100 hushed in expectation, Oldfield launched himself into his unique, 540-degree, discus-style spin—the maneuver that helped make him the world's best shotputter in the mid-'70s—and let loose his first throw. The ball looped out and then nose-dived into the floor two inches short of the line closest to the shot circle, the 50-foot marker. It

was, at best, an embarrassing moment. Asked about it later, Oldfield just shook his head. "That throw is a mystery to me," he said. "My mind must have been elsewhere."

Where else, one wonders, could Oldfield's mind have been at such a time? Certainly the caliber of his rivals at the Cow Palace merited his full attention. The six-man field included Dave Last, the No. 1-ranked American in 1979; Al Feuerbach, the world's reigning amateur when Oldfield was becoming king of the pro; and Michael Carter, an SMU freshman who holds the high school record and is generally considered America's shotputter of the future. Carter was a sixth-grader when Oldfield last took part in a top-flight meet against amateurs.

Perhaps as he steadied himself for that

first throw, Oldfield's mind was racing back through the years. He had been a late bloomer in the shot, already 27 when he upset Randy Matson for the third spot on the 1972 Olympic team while simultaneously horrifying USOC officials with his bikini briefs and fishnet tank tops and his habit of puffing cigarettes around the ring. He finished sixth in Munich and then joined the ITA as one of its lesser lights when the professional circuit started up in 1973.

Oldfield's throwing did not begin to really attract attention until he switched to the discus style. In the spring of 1975, after a couple of years of working on his new technique, he had a world indoor best of 72' 6½" at the Cow Palace. Then, outdoors at El Paso, he threw an astounding 75 feet even. Neither mark has ever

continued



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been surpassed. Nor is either recognized as a world record, because Oldfield was a pro.

But with those throws Oldfield became the ITA's first homegrown superstar, delighting crowds with his antics as well as his distance with the shot—after his 72-footer in the Cow Palace he ran down the range and kissed the spot where the ball had landed. At 6' 5" and 280 pounds, he regularly raced, and beat, the ITA's women sprinters at 30 yards. When he wasn't competing, he talked up a storm, making statements like "When God invented man, He wanted him to look like me," or "On my baddest days I'm better than anyone else." After turning 30, in 1975, Oldfield announced, "I'll be around for another 10 years at \$50,000 per. And I can make that much again in endorsements and such, and that's a million." At least the math was right.

But perhaps as Oldfield went into that first spin last Sunday night, he was looking ahead instead of backward. To Oldfield the future has always looked rosy. That attitude often unnerves his friends, who had viewed his prospects of ever competing again as decidedly dismal for most of the past four years. When the ITA went belly up in 1976, Oldfield, who had pocketed about \$23,000 as a pro, found himself, along with about 75 other athletes, shut out of the only game left in town, amateur track and field. Most accepted their exile as permanent and went in search of other careers. Oldfield did not. He continued to train for the shot, a decision that recently prompted Marty Liquori to ask him, "Why are you martyring yourself?"

Eventually Oldfield's obstinacy was rewarded. Last November the International Amateur Athletic Federation, track and field's governing body, issued an unexpected ruling that freed American ITA pros to compete in so-called domestic meets—meets in the U.S. that do not include foreigners, except those affiliated with U.S. colleges or clubs. In early March the IAAF will consider allowing the ITA pros to compete in international meets, as well. Almost everyone expects the IAAF to shoot down this proposal, but Oldfield, predictably, remains optimistic.

Although last Saturday's meet was Oldfield's first major competition, since the IAAF's November ruling he had en-

tered several local all-comers meets and also had taken part in an "exhibition" following an international meet in Houston's Astrodome two weeks ago. In an all-comers meet on Jan. 6 in Los Gatos, Calif., Oldfield put the shot 70' 4½", the first 70-footer by an American since 1977, when Terry Albritton performed the feat. Oldfield says his legs are stronger than ever but feels that his upper-body strength may be off by as much as 30%. He now weighs a dainty 255 and estimates it will take about three months to bulk up. "My technique, not heavy weightlifting, is what I've been working on these years," he says.

And then again, perhaps it was "these years," the years between the good old days and the good times that he insists lie ahead, that weighed on Oldfield's mind when he let go of that first put at the Examiner Games. Those were years when he went, to use his own words, "from being a caviarophile to a boar-kin." They were hard years, even for a man with Oldfield's obsession. "The shotput is a security blanket for me," he says. "To be able to throw has always been enough for me. Everything else—like making a living—is extra."

Not that Oldfield hasn't taken a few stabs at the latter. Shortly after the ITA folded he invested in a furniture store. That experience resulted in his learning how bankruptcy proceedings work. He got involved with a restaurant-discotheque in a P.R. capacity. "I liked that," he says. "I was eating lobster and steak, drinking Peccy-Fusé, driving a big car. Everything was comp." But the restaurant went under, too. Oldfield then got a real-estate license because, he says, "I wanted to find out how to invest my money in property so I'd have a reason to have a cash flow." For two months he worked at a health spa. "Basically, I ended up lifting weights," he says. "I didn't belong in sales or service." During one 20-month stretch he lived free in a 2½-bedroom apartment in return for serving as the playing coach of the building-managing company's touch-football team.

The result of this life-style becomes obvious in an audit of Oldfield's material possessions. He will be 35 in June, but he has never owned a house. The car he drives is the discard of a friend. Oldfield had to sell his own car last year when he

ran out of money. As for credit cards: "I'm in limbo on them, but the statute of limitations is about to run out. Let's just say I'm glad there's no debtors' prison." Yet he survives from week to week. He now has a part in a movie, for which he has grown a beard, and is being housed by the studio during the filming.

Oldfield's track friends, if no one else, understand this hand-to-mouth existence. "Brian's really no different than the rest of us," says Marc Seidler, America's top woman shotputter. "It's just that he hasn't been able to compete. For the last couple of years I've always been referred to as an 'Olympic hopeful.' Now, because of a decision by Jimmy Carter, I don't have that tag anymore. Now I'm just a track bum, too. I feel for Brian. It's been agonizing to see him with no outlet for performing. Sometimes I wanted to cry for him, but I never pitied him, because I never felt he wanted to do anything else."

Oldfield acknowledges the truth of Seidler's observations. "I feel as if I'm an artist," he says. "When I spin, I have something to say about my life-style. I feel I can contribute something to the world in the shotput. I'll never contribute anything to the world in any other sphere." But with an eye toward amateur track's relaxed rules concerning endorsements, he admits that he wouldn't mind making some money along the way. "I'll be able to reap as an amateur the benefits I tamed pro to get," he says. "I'm bound and determined to prove you can make a living at the shot. How can you be the best in the world at something and not make money at it?"

Whatever it was that caused Oldfield's mind to wander on his first throw last Saturday, it didn't distract him for long. His fourth throw carried 65' 10" and ultimately earned him third place, only 14 inches behind Lauri's winning toss of 67 feet. Fearbach edged Oldfield by two inches for second. Except for that horrendous opening, Oldfield seemed pleased with his performance. And, yes, the years of waiting had been worth it. "I guess I'm just an other-worlder," he said. "I just want to compete and travel. I want to get back into the track and field world."

Once again Oldfield's mind wandered, and then quickly he spoke his thoughts. "I fit there," he said. "I don't fit in the real-estate business." **END**

Triumph of teamwork over technology

Any sailor who puts too much faith in God or modern technology is a Grade A fool. Marc's tails and wispy cirrus in the afternoon sky foretell a weather change, but sometimes when there should be change there is none. Often when the heavens promise a brighter tomorrow, tomorrow turns out to be a real gut buster. Realistic sailors rely on men of their own kind, knowing that God in his infinite whimsy cannot always be trusted, nor can the fanciest electronic gear.

The latest of Lorin C instruments, when asked, will tell a sailor just where he is and how he is progressing over the bottom. Although such machines will do just about everything except balance one's checkbook, they are afflicted by sky wave effects and internal disorders. Last year, when a boyish 40-year-old, Burt Keenan of Lafayette, La., asked a reasonable question of the modest-priced Lorin instrument aboard his 51-foot racing sloop *Acadia*, it spit back electric sparks. Several months ago, when he asked a hard-to-digest question of the costlier, \$7,000 Lorin instrument aboard his new 42-foot sloop (also named *Acadia*), the machine flashed two words at him: "Stand by." In imitation Keenan shouted back at the uppy instrument, "Damn it, I own this boat, so don't you tell me to wait!"

Offshore Logistics, the company that Burt Keenan started 15 years ago, now has 127 helicopters and 110 workboats servicing oil-drilling operators in waters the world round. Although he is professionally dependent on modern technology and is a competitive newcomer to international yachting circuits, Keenan is wise enough to know that it is more often the quality of the crew, not the beneficence of the Lord or technological gimcrackery that makes a boat a winner.

Two years ago, in his first *Acadia*, he took third place in fleet in the Southern

Burt Keenan's Acadia, the SORC winner, hasn't got all the latest wrinkles, but it does have a skipper's biggest edge, a good crew

Ocean Racing Conference. Last year he was second. This year, in his new *Acadia*, he placed first in a strange, albeit convincing, style. He did not win any of the six races that make up the SORC circuit, but by the end of the first two, the 138-mile Boca Grande race and the 359-mile St. Petersburg to Ft. Lauderdale, in which he placed 12th and second, respectively—he led and was never headed. By the time the fleet reached Nassau, with five races done, Keenan's *Acadia* led her nearest rival, *Tatonek*, by 37.5 points, and only two other boats out of 72 had even a slim mathematical chance of beating her. Taking 16th place in the short (27-mile) final race, Keenan finished No. 1 by a margin of 22.5 points.

Compared to most of their rivals, both Keenan and his boat are oddities—heartening examples for anyone who would like to get into serious ocean racing without spending more than \$250,000 or so. Whereas most skippers lust for bigger, faster boats, Keenan's present *Acadia* is smaller than his first, and he has commissioned the Argentine naval architect German Frers to design his one still smaller. The current *Acadia* is a stock boat made of commonplace stuff. In her hull and rigging there is barely a pound of costly, exotic material—no titanium, no epoxy-saturated wood, no super laminates or honeycombing or carbon fiber or Kevlar or case-hardened peanut butter or impregnated yak hairs. *Acadia* is made of simple, old-fashioned glass-reinforced plastic, the same material that has been used in cruising sailboats, workboats and runabouts for 25 years.

Keenan's first *Acadia*, which in ad-

dition to its SORC honors also won the 1978 Bermuda Race, was designed by Frers, built of aluminum by Mansford of City Island, N.Y., powered by North sails, instrumented by Brooks & Gatehouse and fitted out with Bantam winches. As if to prove it was

the brand of men, not machinery, that counted the most, for the present *Acadia*, designed by Doug Peterson and built by New Orleans Marine, Keenan selected Ulmar sails, Signet instruments and Lewmar winches. His present crew of eight includes boatbuilder Tom Dreyfus, and two sailmakers, Charles Ulmar and John Kollus, the 1976 Olympic silver medalist in the Sailing class. All but one crew member is professionally involved in sailing. In this high-pressure day, when most SORC crews are about as Corinthian as the Chase Manhattan Bank, such professional involvement is not at all shocking. To Keenan it makes sense. "If they don't measure up as crew," he said, "pros are easier to kick off your boat than your friends."

When Keenan and his original Louisiana troop first hit the SORC circuit two years ago, they justly earned the reputation of being funlovers on land and sometimes at sea. After crewing for them, John Marshall, a North sailmaker, observed, "They made so much noise, it was two days before I realized that they knew what they were talking about." While their record says dedication, their antic reputation persists, reinforced by such goings-on as shooting mini-rockets astern of rival boats on a non-race day and crewman Dreyfus' dramatic entrance for last year's Ocean Triangle race. After his plane's arrival in Miami had been delayed by a diversion to Orlando to unload an upset passenger, Dreyfus made it to the race with 10 minutes to spare by jumping 40 feet from a helicopter into the water beside *Acadia*.

Such stunts tend to obscure the fact

continued



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U.S. Olympic
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that at sea Acadia's men hustle. In the fifth race this year, the 176-mile from Miami to Nassau, they made 10 jib changes in one three-hour period—and a total of 19 headsail changes in the whole race. Add, of course, the record book shows that this hard work paid off.

Acadia is only the fourth stock hull design to win in the SORC in the last quarter century, the other three having been a Cal-40, a Ranger-37 and a Red-line-41. The Acadia configuration was conceived by Peterson to afford racers an all-arounder that maintained the upwind celerity of his previous designs with improved downwind performance. Boats from the same mold as Acadia competed in the 1979 SORC with only modest success. Keenan's old, bigger Acadia was on this year's circuit, renamed *Be Carat* and flying a Swedish burgee. Without the Acadia crew aboard, *Be Carat* could do no better than 17th: in the last race she first hit the starting buoy and three seconds later punched a six-inch hole in a rival boat that had dead rights on her.

In one respect Acadia is quite similar to the custom white bombs against which she competes: her quarters below are about half the size and half as comfy as a bare Quonset hut. Bruce Kirby, the designer of the Laser class of Olympic racers, served as a guest crewman aboard Acadia in the opening two SORC races. On first going below, Kirby declared, "Any boat this uncomfortable has got to be fast."

Keenan credits part of the success of his team to the Lord on high. "You know, Southerners are an oppressed race," he says. "God takes care of us, that's why He put all the oil in Louisiana and Texas—to help us poor boys out." Certainly no one should get into ocean racing, and particularly the SORC with its whims of wind and wandering Gulf Stream, unless he is willing to gamble and frequently be unlucky.

This year there was little gear-busting weather and only one discussing. But there was plenty of bad luck. In last Friday's Nassau Cup, the old 32-meter *Heritage* ran aground on a reef 30 yards in front of the starting line. In the St. Pete-Lauderdale race, after the first five classes got away in a fading northerly, the wind died altogether. As a consequence, the little Class F boats, two and two of the slower boats in Class E, sat around the starting line for an hour and a quarter, while the rest of the fleet

romped away in new winds filling in on the sea.

The fourth race on the SORC circuit, the 135-mile Lipton Cup, is often a crap-shoot. Because the triangular course takes the boats across the Gulf Stream to the Bahama shores and back again, anyone making the cruise in very light air conditions is likely to be carried northward about halfway to Nantuxet. Skippers who fear such consequences sail first at least to Fowey Rock, 11 miles south of the starting line, and then venture into the main Stream. Last year, while dozens of boats ventured across the Stream before coming south, the sloop *Obsession* went considerably below Fowey and won the race. This year *Obsession* took the same precaution and, along with about four dozen other boats, large and small, sat in a windless hole for more than four hours while boats that headed across earlier caught new air and could almost fetch the mark.

Eight years ago in her maiden series, the 44-foot *Robin*, skippered by Ted Hood, the sailmaker who designed her for himself, was third overall. Under various names and various owners over the years, she had a rather luckless time until she was reacquired two years ago by her original owner. This year she

was sixth overall. Because of her advanced age, *Robin* now gets a considerable allowance in time, but even without it she still would have finished 10th overall this year, ahead of 18 brand-new boats that cost a total of about \$3 million. In fact, *Robin* sailed away from the circuit this year with more prizes than any other boat. Even without her old-age allowance, she won her class overall, was first in her class in three races, was second in one and third in the other two. She won a special trophy as highest point boat over four years old, and another for lowest accumulated time for the six



Acadia's crew at a moment for high breezes, Florida

races within a class. In a sport where craft often live on the brink of obsolescence, like Acadia, *Robin* testifies to an often neglected truth: the quality of a boat counts for a lot, but the quality of the men who sail it counts for far more.

ERIC



Acadia glides downwind in Friday's Nassau Cup finale



Yankee Stadium,



Opening Day, 1980?

Soon it will be spring, and ball parks from Yankee Stadium to Candlestick Park should be filled with the fondly recollected sounds of the national pastime. But this April could be different. Unless the Lords of Baseball and the men who play for them can settle their increasingly acrimonious disputes, the

- Struck down an agreement among the owners dating to 1879 that bound a player to one organization for the life of his career unless his employer elected either to trade or sell him as he might an automobile or a garden tool;

- Got wages increased by a whopping 462% (by comparison, salaries of manufacturing workers in the U.S. increased about 159% in that period);

- Secured provision for impartial arbitration of individual salary disputes;

- Acquired extraordinary pension benefits (a 10-year player may, for example, start collecting \$1,276 a month for life at age 55);

- Transformed what were once literally wage slaves into independent contractors who at a specific point in their careers can sell themselves on the open market to the highest bidder, while at the same time united these free spirits into a functioning, formidable organization.

Could Samuel Gompers have improved on this performance?

But what of the industry Miller and his men have evidently fleeced so mercilessly? Well, despite the predictable cap-rattling among club owners, major league attendance records have been set in each of the last four years, with last season's attendance soaring to 43,553,398. And television contracts have burgeoned prodigiously, the latest, signed last year, reportedly approaching \$185 million. Indeed, the game from which the owners derive at least a portion of their income has never been more popular or, despite the fantastic salary expenditures, more remunerative—although exactly how remunerative will get you an argument from the moguls. Still, there are those who insist that Miller is "bad for the game," a complaint Miller, a career season man, has been hearing since 1966 when he first took on the "sportsmen" who run baseball. Management's attacks upon him are much more temperate now, but the message is essentially the same: Marvin can't see the forest for the trees.

"I think he can carry the adversary position too far," says Ballard Smith, president of the San Diego Padres and a relative newcomer to baseball's labor-management wars. "He runs the risk of ruining the industry. Marvin's main prob-



When Miller swings into action, the players back like Italy; membership in the union is 500%.

A strike that could delay the start of the baseball season is brewing, and once more Marvin Miller, the head of the players' union, stands at storm center

by Ron Fimrite

parks will remain empty, the only sounds the sudden beating of wings as flocks of pigeons wheel above row upon row of vacant seats. It happened before, in 1972, when the owners and the players couldn't come to terms. It can happen now. And once again, a single, slight, aging figure stands at the storm center—Marvin Miller, the players' man.

The brotherhood he represents may be minuscule in comparison with most unions, but, even so, a convincing argument can be made that Miller is the most effective labor leader in the country. Consider that in the 14 years he has been its executive director, the Major League Baseball Players Association has

tem is that he believes the industry is in better shape than it actually is."

"I don't think he understands the depth of the game," says Dick Wagner, president of the Cincinnati Reds. "He probably has overlooked the runway with his efforts. I think it has become more of a vendetta to bring baseball to its knees rather than to truly recognize the overall picture."

"I have great respect for Marvin," says American League President Les MacPhail, who really does. "But if he disappoints me in any area it is that I wish sometimes he were more concerned with the overall welfare of the game and not just one segment of it."

And so, for the third time in the past eight years, the men who own the teams are headed for another showdown with their players, championed by Miller. The word strike is being used once again to describe something other than a ball thrown across the plate, and the possibility exists that this season, like that of 1972, will not open as scheduled.

The basic issue, as league officials and club owners grudgingly acknowledge, is that since the reserve clause, which permitted a team to renew a player's contract in perpetuity, was overturned in 1976, the owners, for the most part, have been unable to exercise any sort of self-restraint in the pursuit of free agents. An apex—or nadir—may have been reached in the "reentry" draft of 1979 when the Houston Astros agreed to pay Pitcher Nolan Ryan a million dollars a year for four years. Ryan, who is 33, had a 16-14 record last season and is barely above .500 for his career. He has also been bothered by arm and leg injuries the past few years. As a native Texan and as the game's most renowned strikeout pitcher, he is a box-office draw, but, a million dollars....

Ryan is at least famous. In the latest draft, a relative unknown like Pitcher John Curtis (10-9, 4.17 ERA) agreed to a long-term contract with San Diego worth nearly \$2 million, and San Francisco signed Rennie Stennett, who hit .218 last year, drove in 24 runs and has a bum leg, for \$3 million over five years. When nondescript and damaged talent attracts millions simply because it is available, the system, the owners argue, is out of whack, knowing full well that

it is out of whack because they can't control themselves.

Only the most intransigent among them assign full blame to Miller for what has happened. The owners simply have not been able to live with the system they provoked and he created. "I don't think Marvin foresaw the extremes," says MacPhail. "No one had any conception that anything like this could happen, neither management nor the Players Association."



At ease in his New York apartment, Miller chats with one of his most vocal supporters—Reggie

Some of these future commitments to players are equal to the value of the franchise. "For too long, the owners called the tune, and now we're paying the fiddler," says Texas Rangers owner Brad Corbett with rare insight.

It is at times such as these that baseball people invoke the "Good-of-the-Game" principle. And to insure that the game stays good, they are proposing in the current negotiations that a salary structure be imposed on players with less than six years' service and that player compensation be provided for teams losing a free agent. Maximum salaries proposed by the owners: for a first-year player—\$40,600; second year—\$53,000; etc., up to \$153,600 for a six-year player. The compensation formula is complicated

and "subject to negotiations," but, in essence, it calls for the team signing a "premium" free agent to provide the team losing him with a player from its 40-man roster. Fifteen players could be protected—as in expansion draft—so the selections would be somewhat limited, although there might be good pickings among the leftovers.

In this way, the owners suggest, the deprived team would at least receive a sec-

ond-line player to compensate for its grievous loss of a star. Under the old Basic Agreement, which expired Dec. 31, the player's former team was entitled only to an amateur draft choice in compensation. The California Angels, Ryan's former team, could well wind up with a high school boy as a replacement for the strikeout king. "It's harder to build in baseball than it is in basketball and football," says MacPhail, accurately enough. "You need time to develop a team. If you lose a starting pitcher, you don't want a high schooler."

It should be observed that the "Good-of-the-Game" doctrine is the only one which is applicable here. When an ar-

continued

bitator reinterpreted the renewal clause five years ago, and a federal court upheld him, a player was free from then on to move as he pleased as soon as his contract expired and he had played out his option year. The 1976 Basic Agreement, arrived at after months of haggling, imposed limitations on that movement, among them the requirement that a player must have at least six years' experience before being free. The owners have been quick to point out that this arrangement was only "experimental." Their new compensation proposal, they add, is far less restrictive than the rules governing the movement—virtually nonexistent—of free agents in professional football and basketball.

"I hate the word 'compensation,'" says Ray Grebey, the twenty, energetic former General Electric negotiator who, for the past two years, has been the head of the owners' Player Relations Committee, a management consultant arm of the major league power structure, organized, in part, to play catch-up ball with Miller. "I prefer 'improved player-selection rights.'"

Miller prefers the phrase "taking hostages." He speaks often of the owners as "they," as anyone might who confronts the same antagonists year after year. "They get furious when I compare com-

penation with hostages," he says, crackling. Miller and the players, it goes without saying, regard the owners' new proposals as nothing less than an attempt to repeal the Bill of Rights. "It is a backward approach," says Miller. "They are saying that the Players Association should assume the responsibility for policing what an owner might want to pay. Now, how do we get into that? I call this salary thing radical, because it flies in the face of everything we've done. It veers off sharply and fundamentally from the idea that salary should be based on performance. It provides that a future Fred Lynn, who wins the MVP award as a rookie, should be thrown into the same bracket with someone who hit .146. Oh, sure, there is an upper and lower range, but the difference is minuscule compared with what it has always been. Its purpose is to achieve the lowest possible salary range. And it's so unworkable as to be humorous. It would be the biggest incentive to under-the-table deals."

Miller sees the compensation proposal as merely a ploy to limit the mobility of players. Many of them now on the free market would get no offers at all under the owners' proposal, because few teams would be willing to risk losing a valuable second-line man. "The players feel they made a concession four years ago,"

says Miller. "Motivated in part by the owners' hysteria, they agreed to the six-year arrangement. [They are asking that the six be reduced to four years in the current negotiations.] The Messersmith decision [which abolished the reserve clause] says the players are unrestricted. At the time, the owners expressed fears about competitive imbalance. The exact opposite has happened. Competitive balance has never been better. Now they want us to protect as if they were right. In any other industry coming off four years of its greatest prosperity, for someone to be clearly moving toward a confrontation would be considered impossible. Why would they provoke such a confrontation? They've never made so much money in their lives."

The owners would beg to differ. In a recent management newsletter, Grebey wrote, "It is not our intent to poor-mouth baseball. The ability of individual clubs to pay is not the current issue. The important thing for Major League Baseball and everybody connected with it is how this rapid rise of salary escalation will affect baseball as an industry. And right now baseball as an industry [the 26 club] is not turning a profit.... With nearly three-fourths of increased revenues going to players' salaries, it seems apparent that the ex-

continued

Ray Grebey, who represents the owners, has a scholarly air, but he carries a big stick—ah, here—easily.





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idly rising trend in salaries should be slowed down."

Miller understands this reasoning. A businessman's obligation is to make or save a dollar. But he sees, as he always has, a darker motive. "One owner said to me that the negotiations should go well

because the players don't need anything and the owners need compensation. I said, 'Why?' He said, 'You know, They've got to have a victory.' A victory? Well, I'm not trained to deal with that. That appalled me. They've talked themselves into the idea that we've locked them around. Sometimes the facts are not important, the perception of the facts is. Part of the problem is me. They want a victory not over the players but over that s.o.b., Miller. It's symbolic. The players have grown in understanding the importance of unity, but they [the owners] are going to test it again."

Miller may be part of the problem, but probably not as large a part as he likes to think. "Nobody's out to bust the union," says Grebey. "All professional sports are organized. That sort of hostility, natural as it once was, is a thing of the past, an anachronism." Still, Miller can be exasperating. He first took on the owners after 16 years with the Seaboard Union. He was an outsider, definitely not a member of the club. He could not be cowed, as the players had been. He sought fundamental

change. He used union tactics. He was more skilled in collective bargaining than either "they" or their representatives were. He was able to achieve epochal victories. Worst of all, it was he, not they, who seemed supercilious. It was he who had the condescending manner, he who regarded them as mere babes in the woods.

"Marvin sighs a lot," one major league executive said. "We will put forth an argument and Marvin will turn his head and give out a long sigh, as if what was just said was too ridiculous to consider." He also feigns amusement. Miller did not so much express shock or outrage at the owners' latest contract proposals—which he surely must have anticipated—as amusement. "They do my work for me," he will say, sighing, then chortling. "They do it to themselves. They have given me far more credit than I deserve."

Even the most fanatical Miller-haters reluctantly concede that he has the full support of the players, but they yet harbor a thin hope that somewhere there will appear a fissure in this united front. If there is to be a strike, will there not be someone out there who will defect out of greed alone? And will others not follow him? Carl Yastrzemski, whom they perceive as a reluctant union man, sent these hopes aloft once more when he told an interviewer recently. "It was different in '72. That year I think there were only three guys in the game making what would now be considered big money—myself, Hank Aaron and Harrison Kilgore. This trip some guys would be losing thousands of dollars each day if the owners went ahead and started the season with minor league players. If this happened, I think a lot of them [major leaguers] would come back." And Johnny Bench told Jerome Holzman of *The Chicago Sun-Times* that the harder life-style of the modern player might work against a strike. "If you've got to come up with \$5,000 or \$10,000 by the end of the month, and you don't have a job or an income, that's pressure," the wealthy catcher said. "You just can't reach out and grab some money."

Sentiments such as these may be music to the owners' ears, but they should not be killed by them. A player more representative of the association's true position is Ranger Relief Fisher Jim Kern, who stoutly declares, "If we take a strike



In 1970 Curt Flood, refusing to report to the Phils when traded, sued baseball. In April 1972, Miller announced an end to the first player strike.



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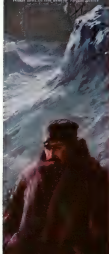
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Marvin Miller

continued

vote in spring training. I'll be fishing the next day, and if they cancel the season, there will be some damn strong leagues in Japan and Mexico. We owe it to the guys who are coming up behind us to stand together on this thing. If it wasn't for Marvin and the guys who put themselves on the line three and four years ago, we wouldn't be making nearly as much money as we are now."

And Reggie Jackson, ever voluble, said only a few weeks ago while paying a visit to Miller's apartment, "They've tried to make an orphan of Marvin. You hear it all the time: he's not a baseball man, he's a union man. They'll say, if you miss five or six games because of a strike, you won't stick together. They think we'll come back because we're selfish. Well, I just want them to know that we've gotten ourselves into a position where we can stand on our own two feet with unity. I want to say to them, 'Gentlemen, we are prepared to go to the wall with this man.'"

Miller himself enjoys recounting the story of a highly paid player who complained bitterly about losing \$6,000 because of the 13-day 1972 strike over pension benefits. "Well, he's one of those who signed a contract close to a million as a result of what we accomplished by staying together in the strike. It seems to me that \$6,000 was quite an investment."

For all of the talk about Miller not being a baseball man, he has, by his own accounting, been in the game longer than 20 of the 26 owners—and indeed most of the players he represents. He has dealt with two commissioners, four league presidents and Lord knows how many coaches, managers and general managers. His, in fact, may be the most stable job in all of baseball, which, by conventional employment standards, is not saying all that much.

But Miller is a survivor and a fighter. He looks like neither. He is a small man (about 5'8" and 150 pounds) and he has a withered right arm (one player refused to talk to a New York sportswriter for years after he made a tasteless remark about the arm). Miller's gray hair, once slicked back, has lost the wet look and is more tousled than coiffed these days, and he has become a more conservative dresser than he was when he first came to baseball from Pittsburgh in vain of shimmering blue. The pencil-thin moustache gives

him the look of the slippery "mouthpiece," so essential to 1930s gangster films. The heavy eyes, the shrugging shoulders, the mirthless laugh are all deceptive. Miller, who will be 67 next month, is still a vigorous advocate. And his dedication to the organization he virtually created is unflagging.

It is questionable if Miller would have accepted the baseball job if the Association had been other than an "embryo" organization. Reared in Brooklyn, he had been a fan, but his career had taken him far afield, and only a challenge of the sort presented by the foundering players union could have drawn him into the game. An economist educated at Miami of Ohio and New York University, he had been assistant to President Dave McDonald of the United Steelworkers for five years when, in 1965, McDonald was defeated for reelection by I. W. Abel. "Although I was not part of the political fight, I was identified with the outgoing president," Miller says. "But I stayed on as a negotiator, holding my own in the infighting. People outside the union made the erroneous assumption I had no future there, so we got out that I might be available if I got offers."

Somewhat to his surprise, offers did come. One was from the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, asking him to undertake a study on the feasibility of employing collective bargaining skills in diplomatic relations. Miller was intrigued by the offer, but he considered the proposal a trifle vague. A second, even more intriguing, came from Harvard, asking him to do some teaching in seminar groups and to do some writing on labor-management relations. Miller was attracted, but he was not certain he was ready to retire from the trenches to the groves of academe. The third offer came from a bunch of baseball players. He took it.

The Players Association was founded in 1954, but before Miller it was a paper tiger. Dominated by and even partly funded by the owners, it emerged as a kind of sop to the conscience from the benevolent hierarchy. In 1957, however, relations became strained when an outside lawyer was employed to negotiate a new pension plan based in part on television revenues, as well as All-Star Game receipts. In the mid-'60s, as that agreement, which had been amended in '62, ap-

continued

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preached its expiration, the Association girded itself for a more serious pension fight. It needed experienced help. With this in mind, Robin Roberts, then closing out his distinguished playing career, sought the counsel of Professor George W. Taylor, a labor-relations specialist at the Wharton School of Business of the University of Pennsylvania. The professor agreed to help.

A few weeks later, in December of 1965, Taylor bumped into Miller in an elevator at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, where both were attending a meeting. Did Miller know of a Robin Roberts, Dr. Taylor inquired.

"Only by reputation," said Miller, the fan. A few weeks later, Miller was interviewed by a players' screening committee composed of Roberts, Harvey Kuenn and Jim Banning. "They were straightforward," Miller recalls. "They were the first to admit that the association was inefficient and that it lacked direction and continuity. I went home and thought about it and decided I was interested. What appealed to me was that this was not a hidebound organization. I thought I could make a contribution unfettered by institutionalism.

My son was away at college, my daughter was about to go, and, after 16 years in Pittsburgh, the idea of returning to New York appealed to my wife and me."

The owners, fearful of a "labor boss" in their clubhouse midst, campaigned energetically against his election, issuing dread warnings of labor goons and gangsters. This, quite naturally, worked as a ringing endorsement. If the owners feared him that much, he was obviously the man for the job. Miller was elected by a considerable majority and took office on July 1, 1966. His opposite number as the management negotiator at the time was a young attorney for the National League named Bowie Kuhn.

Miller was scarcely welcomed aboard by the baseball Establishment. Instead, he was subjected to what he now calls a period of "hating." His

"they" and "we" approach to tricky negotiations is attributable in part to this chilly reception. "Labor relations had advanced a good deal from the '30s," Miller says, "so there was no physical intimidation, but the vitriol was there. In some valid sense, it has never changed." When the players asked naively if he

thought he could "get along" with the owners, Miller replied, "I think so, but let me add a word of caution: you should not expect them to like me. Look, we're adversaries in a certain sense of the word. If you find a time when the owners are singing my praises, you'd better fire me. This is not a popularity contest."

Miller quickly learned what he was up against. "Joe Cronin [then the American League president] had a unique way of introducing himself. He said, 'I've got good advice for you, young man'—I was 49 at the time. 'You should remember that the players come and the players go, but the owners stay on forever.' I came to realize how wrong he was. The game is the players. That's what they don't understand."

When Miller took over, all the association had was \$5,400 in the kitty and a battered file cabinet. He quickly signed up 99% of the players (100% belong to the association today) and initiated a dues system. He also started a group licensing program, whereby the players act in concert to promote products, such as Coca-Cola. This became such a lucrative venture that by now the revenue

from it is returned to the players, effectively canceling out their dues contributions of \$3 a day during the season.

A new pension agreement, tied once again to the old television formula, was agreed upon in February of 1969. Three years later, when it was up for renewal, Miller and the players found themselves being put to the test. The owners, who were now fully aware of the big money television was bringing in, sought changes in the pension-fund formula unacceptable to the players, but the real issue, it was apparent to Miller and the players, was the survival of the association itself. When the players voted to strike at the end of spring training, both they and their leader came under heavy fire from the press, which was outraged by a strike involving young men who were handily rewarded by any criteria and, indeed, were lionized. To de-



As a youth, looking like the reverse of me.



Reason for the above: arbitrator Peter Seitz cast a vote for the players.

prise the comparatively impoverished fans of their season was nothing short of an outrage. And Marvin Miller, the players' Svengali, baseball's Machiavelli, was the real culprit.

The reason the players were on strike, editorialized the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* at the time, was that "they followed the bad advice of Marvin Miller. Marvin Miller thought he could make the owners cave in on the pension issue and force them to increase their pension contributions against their better judgment. It is evident that Marvin Miller was wrong. He led the players into a disaster that now is costing each team an average of \$50,000 a game. . . . There isn't much inspiration in going to watch a bunch of high-paid prima donnas who think more of getting a few more dollars added to their fat pensions than showing up for the opening game. . . . Marvin Miller has struck out. He would do the game of baseball a great favor if he disappeared or got lost or found the nearest hole and jumped into it."

Larry Dierker, then pitching for the Houston Astros, said, "There is some kind of plan to either kill the players' group or get rid of Marvin Miller. Marvin has been very tough and the owners don't like him. They've always been able to get tough with the players in the past and there wasn't anything the players could do about it. Now, for the first time, we have a little say in things."

The strike ended on April 14, lasting nine days into the season. Eighty-six regular-season games were canceled. The owners lost gate receipts and concession revenues as well as radio and TV money, and the players lost their salaries for those games. The pension issue was resolved much as it had been in the past. It has come up again, because the players are seeking a contribution of \$16.5 million a year for four years, based once again on the owners' television contract. But the biggest victory for Miller and the players in 1973 was their ability to hold fast. They emerged from this critical test of their unity as a power to be reckoned with.

Unified now, the players began exploiting their new leverage and in 1975 were able to reach an agreement calling for outside arbitration of salary hauls. But they were looking for bigger fish to fry.

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Marvin Miller

by Bill Miller

When Miller first read the uniform player's contract in 1966, he whistled in disbelief. "I had seen some documents in my life, but none like that," he says. In his very first job as executive director, he opened discussions with players on resolving "the inequities of the reserve system." Miller felt the system had to be tested. Curt Flood, a \$90,000-a-year outfielder for the St. Louis Cardinals, was the first to try. When the Cardinals traded him to the Phillies in 1969, Flood refused to go. Instead, he filed an antitrust suit against baseball and sat out the 1970 season. The suit was eventually resolved on June 19, 1972, when the U.S. Supreme Court ruled by a 5-3 vote that baseball was still exempt from antitrust law. In his majority opinion, Justice Harry Blackmun conceded that baseball was, in fact, a business engaged in interstate commerce, but that its exemption from ordinary law was an "aberration" that had survived half a century—or since the

court ruled for the game in 1922. The reserve clause, then nearly 100 years old, had survived another major test in the courts. It would not survive the next one.

When Pitcher Andy Messersmith could not persuade Dodger owner Walter O'Malley to sign him to a no-trade contract for the 1975 season, Messersmith decided to play out the year without signing a new contract. Dave McNally, then pitching for Montreal, took the same course. McNally retired in mid-season. Messersmith went on to win 19 games for the Dodgers. Arrows was Paragraph 10A of the uniform player's contract, the so-called renewal clause, which, according to the owners, gave a team the right to renew a player's contract forever without his consent. In Miller's view, once a player had completed his option year, he was free of all further contractual obligations.

"If Andy had changed his mind and signed a new contract," says Miller, "it

would have mooted our whole case. In every major suit, if you don't have principled people, you won't succeed."

Messersmith did not sign. Instead, he declared himself a free agent. Dick Moss, attorney for the Players Association, pleaded his case before an arbitration panel consisting of Miller, John Gahnen, the chairman of the owners' Player Relations Committee, and Peter Seitz, the impartial chairman. Miller's and Gahnen's votes were foreordained. Seitz cast his vote for Messersmith, and shock waves went through baseball. The owners filed an appeal in Federal Court, saying the reserve system was not subject to arbitration. The court ruled for Seitz. After 97 years of enslavement, baseball players were free.

The Establishment was in panic. The previous year Seitz had declared Jim (Cathie) Hunter a free agent in another landmark case, one, however, that had nothing to do with the reserve clause.

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Seltz having found Hunter's boss, Charlie Finley of the Oakland A's, guilty of a contract violation. Still, the bidding war for Hunter evolved into a Communist's parody of capitalism gone berserk, and when the Catfish signed a five-year contract with the Yankees for more than \$3 million, the owners' worst fears about free agency were realized: the rich had gotten richer. What new horrors awaited them now that scores of free agents would be turned loose through the devilry of Miller and his moose, Messersmith?

"Without the reserve clause, the stability and balance of the major leagues will be severely impaired and perhaps destroyed by the scramble by the clubs for talented players," lamented Kansas City owner Ewing Kauffman, who had filed a civil action supported by his fellow owners to restrain the Players Association from taking the Messersmith case to arbitration. Miller urged caution. Not every player will want to move, he said. "What you're going to find is that the right to become a free agent will be more important than actually using it, not just to get money from your club but to make management pay more attention to the basic standards of decency and human dignity in the way they treat you. That's just basic management sense in most businesses"—the implication being clear that baseball management is incapable of that reasoning.

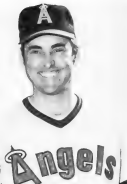
But Miller did see the need for some control of the new freedom, although not as much control as the owners felt was necessary. The ensuing impasse resulted in a lockout for the first three weeks of the 1976 spring training, the second break in baseball's seasonal routine in four years. But the players and owners agreed to start the season on schedule, and an agreement calling for the six-year rule was finally arrived at by the All-Star break. Free agency had not led to the wholesale disaster Kauffman and his confreres so gloomily forecast. The predicted imbalance between haves and have-nots never materialized. The Dodgers, who until this past year more or less eschewed the free-agent market, won two pennants. The Orioles, heavy losers in the market, nearly won a World Series last year. The Angels, big free-agent spenders, finally did win a division title last season, only to lose in the league play-

offs to the home-grown Orioles. The Yankees, who had been big spenders and big winners, fell to fourth in 1979.

What has resulted, though, is a skyrocketing rise in salaries. At the beginning of the last decade, the average major league player earned about \$22,000 a year. He was up to \$32,000 by 1972 and to \$46,000 by 1975. Last year he earned an average of \$121,960. According to statistics circulated by Grebey, NFL salaries increased by 13.2% between 1977 and 1978, while baseball's went up by more than 30%. Government estimates place the average increase for non-farm workers in that year at 8%. According to a recent survey, the average yearly income of an American family, headed by a full-time worker, is \$18,000. Doctors make an average of \$55,000, scientists \$24,000, police and fire fighters \$17,000 and teachers \$13,500. In sports, only players in the National Basketball Association make more—\$143,000—than baseball players, and NBA teams carry only 11 players and underwrite no farm systems. Thus the owners' efforts to "turn back the clock."

Those \$18,000-a-year fans keep showing up at the ball parks, though. The traffic has thus far borne its share, despite the doomayers. "Ballplayers are a dime a dozen," Twain owner Calvin Griffith has said. "The fans are what we should be concerned about." How they will react to yet another strike or lockout cannot be foreseen, but it does seem certain that the game as a whole will take another public-relations licking. Consider the images: Commissioner Bowie Kuhn is seen as a pompous figurehead who had the temerity to banish Willie Mays and who at World Series time will stand on a polar ice floe wearing a blue blazer. The owners' image? How about greedy, foolish, distrustful, concerned only with getting an edge and reaping a big profit? "The management side will always be portrayed as the bad guys," says MacPhail. "But the last thing we want to do is tarnish the image of the players." That, of course, is precisely what they have done in every single negotiation of consequence. The message they convey is that the players are spoiled rotten, pampered like divas, absurdly overpaid and motivated not by love of the game but by the worship of Mammon.

"I have no illusion that we can



As a free agent, lockout-long Ryan struck gold

improve the image of the player," says Miller. "That battle was lost a long time ago. I can only say that we are not out there negotiating those big salaries, only the minimums [currently at \$21,000]. George Steinbrenner is an astute businessman. He would not offer the players what he has if it were not economic. Why does the public have such a different perception of high-paid players than it does of someone in the entertainment industry? If a rock group makes millions of dollars, nobody says the record business is coming to an end. A pop entertainer can make more in a two-week stint in Vegas than a player can make in a year. It's almost as if a double value system were involved. People say, 'Well, he's only playing baseball.' But how much did the inventor of the Hula Hoop make? It's as if people are offended that there is not an organized system of compensation. I am all for a value system that would pay a cancer researcher more than Jim Rice, but that isn't the way we operate. There's a low level of economic understanding in this country. There seems to be an iron law in sports that if the player gets more, ticket prices will rise. The relation, I say, is non-existent. For years ticket

continued

prices were always rising and salaries weren't. Remember, the primary aim of a good businessman is to maximize his return."

Miller might well take heart from the words of Adam Smith, the Scottish economist and author of *The Wealth of Nations*, who wrote 200 years ago: "The exorbitant rewards of players, opera-singers, opera-dancers, etc., are founded upon [these] two principles: the rarity and beauty of the talents, and the discredit of employing them in this manner. It seems absurd at first sight that we should despise their persons and yet reward their talents with the most profuse liberality. While we do the one, however, we must of necessity do the other."

And what of Miller's image? Certainly he shouldered the burden of the 1972 strike and may expect to assume a similar load if another impasse is reached. In 1972 it appeared for a time that he had accomplished the impossible; he had made the multimillionaire owners look like underdogs.

These are players today who see Marvin Miller as a sort of messiah. Says Minnesota reliever Mike Marshall, a Ph. D., "He has made baseball and will continue to make baseball the premier sport in regard to the players. Those who can play more than one sport prefer baseball as a career because players get more protection and have a better chance of airing grievances without a unilateral hearing. In football there is Rozelle, and other sports have much the same situation, but in baseball there's a democracy. Miller has the interest of baseball on heart in everything he does, not like the owners who want to scrape every sleeping dime they can out of the game."

"The key word about Marvin is that he is essential," says Ted Simmons, the Cardinals' star catcher. "Perhaps he is the only essential person from a player's standpoint. When you talk about the way

major league baseball has changed in the past five to 10 years, you have to talk about Messersmith, Catfish Hunter and Curt Flood, and the funny thing is that parading those three names is the name of Marvin Miller. The thing that makes him so different is his sensitivity, something few in his profession possess. He always has a special feel for us players.



In 1776 Adam Smith published a scathing report on owners vs. players.

"When Ed Garvey [Miller's counterpart in football] came along, he stood out as one who represented a bunch of lost sheep, so to speak. They like owners finally turned his light out. But nobody's turned Marvin Miller's light out, ever. He's that strong. Without him, strong and intelligent as he is, we might not have that bright light that serves us as a beacon. We people might have been caught in the dark and ended up with wily-nilly and haphazard leadership. I have complete faith in Marvin Miller. All I need to know is what he wants done."

Miller has said that he will stay in his \$175,000-a-year job a maximum of one more year and a maximum of two. The current struggle, which, as he sees it, is partly to hold ground already gained, should be his last. But his impact on baseball is assured. It is unlikely he will ever be elected to the Hall of Fame, but the fact remains that he has probably been a

more influential figure than anyone in the game in this century, including Judge Landis, Walter O'Malley and any player who comes to mind. He is undoubtedly aware of this.

On a Sunday afternoon last month, Miller was at work as usual in his 32nd-floor Upper East Side apartment. Reggie Jackson, who had asked for a "personal briefing" on the negotiations, had just departed, and Miller, sighing, had settled back onto his living-room couch to, of all things, relax. He bit into an apple.

"I have vague plans to do some writing," he said of his impending retirement. "But after being in a structured job situation for all these years, I'm not sure I have the self-discipline. I'd like to do more reading than I do. Right now, I find myself so fatigued that a lousy TV show is all I can take. I like the theater, and I'd like to go more. My wife [Theresa, a clinical psychologist] retired Jan. 31 from the faculty of Kingsborough Community College in Brooklyn. It was a lovely retirement party, which I attended. My children are grown now."

He smiled, amused this time not by an owner's fabric, but by one of his own. "What I'd really like to do is study piano again. I haven't taken lessons since I was a child. But my wife would have to learn to endure it. I told her about this, and she said she wouldn't mind my playing, and I said this would not just be playing, it would be playing scales. Now that can get on a person's nerves."

Marvin Miller got on a person's nerves? That long collective sigh you hear is from the Lords of Baseball.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

MARY

Sir:
I could not fail to compare your Feb. 4 swimsuit cover of Christine Brinkley with your Feb. 18 cover of track star Mary Decker Brinkley's smile in for the camera, not from the heart, but Decker's smile is one of pure joy, born from real athletic achievement and from the genuine respect of those fortunate enough to have witnessed her remarkable run. I suspect that most of your readers would rather see the latter than the former.

ROBERT CULBERTSON
Bartlesville, Okla.

Sir:

When I first saw the cover of the Feb. 18 SI, I thought you might have been featuring a photograph left over from the swimsuit issue. I don't mean to sound mean, but Mary Decker is just attractive. And besides, can Christine Brinkley run a four-minute mile? Indisputably?

I think I'll hang Mary Decker's picture on my living-room wall. Pure beauty is marvelous, but it's definitely courtesy of nature and cosmetics. Accomplishment plus beauty—that's greatness with a bonus!

WILLIAM E. CARLIER
Chicago

Sir:

Joe Marshall's article *Hail, the Conquering Heroine!* was great. It is an illustration of women in sport that I can send to show my infant daughter when she grows older. Mary Decker and many other women athletes have earned a place in SI. Forget the swimsuit issue! Mary Decker is a true beauty!

VIRGINIA A. DELANEY
Oakmont, Pa.

Sir:

That is how a sports story should be written! Joe Marshall had my heart pounding and my feet bouncing as he described Mary Decker's astounding record-smashing run. I could hear the Garden armchair's noise in my living room as the crowd yelled Mary on to the world record. I was so pumped up I did 50 laps around the dining-room table! (It was too cold to run outdoors.)

GAIL BLATT
Oriskany

SWIMSUITS (CONT.)

Sir:

I can't help but be amused by the letters criticizing your annual swimsuit issue (19TH HOLE, Feb. 18). I am a woman and a serious athlete, but I am in no way offended by this annual issue.

KATHY MARTIN
San Pedro, Calif.

Sir:

My husband didn't mind Christine Brinkley, but boy did he get mad at the cover photograph of Eric Holden (Feb. 11)—"Those racing suits leave nothing to the imagination!" Sound familiar?

To each his own. I love ya, SI. Keep those letters coming in! They keep things interesting for the rest of us readers.

SUSAN CARLSON
St. Paul

Sir:

My three favorite things in SI are the photographs, the articles and the 19TH HOLE two weeks after the swimsuit issue. For all of those women's athletes who disliked the bathing-suit issue—well, I hope they got drafted.

ROBERT JOHNSON
Maple Park, Ill.

Sir:

Despite your getting some anti-swimsuit mail, all I can say is, great issue! If those girls aren't athletic-looking, then someone better get his specs checked. Anyway, don't the dog-owners know swimming is a sport?

BRIAN SLAN AM
Morris Island, Fla.

Sir:

In tabulating the 19TH HOLE coverage on the swimsuit issue it is interesting and gratifying to note that of the 29 published comments, 16 were anti-swimsuit and 13 were pro. Of the anti, eight were from males.

These statistics supported my husband's argument that only middle-aged wives would object to such a shameful display of flesh.

Add me to the list of objectors.

CATHERINE G. LANE
Wilmington, Del.

Sir:

I have just read the letters from the people commenting on your swimsuit issue, and it seemed as though all the young, hip people were for it and that only the conservative, older readers were against it (i.e., parents not wanting their kids to see it, a feminist, a feminist). Come on! There are many young, adolescent people who also thought the article offensive. Please stick to sports.

FRAN WICKERT
San Francisco

Sir:

Allow me to join the group of people who took the time to write regarding your swimsuit issue.

Total disgust! I usually pass on my copies of SI to my young friends, but the obscene garbage can sure get their juice—and I might add that the garbage may also get other boys. Clean up your magazine, American do-

not need any more dirty magazines, so why not a great sports magazine?

A. C. MARTIN
Houston

Sir:

This year I feel you have gone too far. Let us decent people have a say as to what comes into our homes. I don't subscribe to any girls' magazines and was very much offended by your above nude swimsuit pictures, which had nothing to do with sports. A classy sports magazine certainly doesn't need to strip so low.

HELEN MORGAN
Galloway, Ohio

Sir:

I recently asked the mother of one of my adolescent patients if she had any objection to the contents of your annual swimsuit issue. She replied, "I'd rather my son looked at pictures of women in bathing suits than a quarterback being fastened by a couple of big brutes." Amen!

SCOTT K. SODAK, M.D.
Florist Park, N.Y.

Sir:

Re the annual swimsuit issue: Would it even piss up things around here?

GRACE W. LITTLE JR.
President
Rose Hill Cemetery
Owensboro, Ky.

INDOOR SPORT

Sir:

Three cheers for recognizing indoor soccer as a major sports attraction (They Get Their Kicks on a Hockey Rink, Feb. 18). I recently took seven of my teen's soccer players to an indoor game at Philadelphia's Spectrum, and we fell in love with the action at the Fever deflected the Buffalo Stallions. I can't exactly explain why the game is so popular—unless of course you count the non-stop, five-break, never-a-dull-moment action! It's a great way to enjoy the world's No. 1 sport indoors. I'm looking forward to the NASL playoffs.

ROCK FALKNER
Morgantown, Pa.

Sir:

Being from the Detroit area, I have the opportunity to see many professional teams. When it comes to sports entertainment, I go to Detroit Express indoor soccer games because they are exciting and affordable, and I'm guaranteed a good time. Your article was excellently done. But don't stop there. The NASL playoffs are under way.

LOIS GOUGH
Toiy, Mich.

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

Sir:

The Memphis Rogers aren't just "close to the lead in their division," they are now the NASL Western Division champions! My thanks to J. D. Read for his excellent piece on the most exciting sport around.

D. D. KANDORRA
Memphis

Sir:

I don't see how J. D. Read could have left out the seasonal reigning champions of the MISL, the New York Arrows. They have the incredible human scoring machine, Steve Zungul, and the best American goalie around, Skip Messing. Otherwise, the article was great.

TERENCE TING
Irvington, N.Y.

Sir:

Sure, some people get excited about indoor soccer. They also get excited about The Superstars and The World's Strongest Men competitions. And, when you get right down to it, indoor soccer, like Superstars, is Trash-sport. Why does the leader in sports journalism devote more space to silly athletic aberrations like indoor soccer and truck racing than it does to pure Olympic sports such as wrestling and bicycle racing?

DANNY ACCIAN
New York City

CAMPY

Sir:

I thought my week had been made complete when I received my custom-made frame set from Metz Manufacturing Co. After all, custom bikes can take anywhere from six months to two years to reach the customer. Then imagine how my eyes popped when I saw your article on Tullio Campagnolo (La Guesca delle Guesse, Feb. 18). My three bicycles are knee deep in Campy parts.

It was also refreshing to see Krish King-bay mentioned in your article. He is a cyclist's cyclist if ever there was one, and his opinions are to the point.

The only thing I wish your article had conveyed is that serious cyclists are burdened with an unfair label: grownups on children's toys. Touring cyclists in the States are treated like second-class citizens, and they don't deserve it.

KRISH ANDREWS
Butaria, N.Y.

Sir:

As a "100% Campy" cyclist, I truly enjoyed Colin Pinchay's article on Tullio Campagnolo and his bicycle-components company. I own two Campagnolo-equipped bicycles and have enjoyed Campagnolo products for more than seven years. I had often wondered who the man was behind the famous name.

LEE ALDHIMER
Montgomery, Ala.

Sir:

Worried pedaling my bicycle up the Appleblake, Oak and Rocky mountains on a

recent cross-country trip. I seriously questioned the "most efficient means of transportation" theory. Many times I would have traded my "six pieces of gas pipe" for any dog, cow or horse that trotted by, if only I could have caught one. Maybe I should have eaten some more oatmeal, as opposed to my standard peanut butter-and-jelly sandwich.

But then again, maybe all I needed was a few more quality components. A Campy rear derailleur was the only expensive piece of equipment to grace an otherwise undistinguished bicycle. I admit with considerable embarrassment that it doesn't even have quick-release wheels. I doubt if "Full Campy" would have aided my progress, but the bike seat would have looked a lot more impressive!

MICHAEL PREST
Carle, Pa.

BLUE DEMON COACH

Sir:

Hoony for DePaul Basketball Coach Ray Meyer (Out from the Shadow of the El, Feb. 18)! Your article was wonderful. Meyer is just like cheese and wine, he does get better with age! He's an inspiration to the people in the Chicago area and our Blue Demons are the best team in the country. Ray Meyer is the Knute Rockne of basketball.

JON BACH
Franklin, Ill.

Sir:

Thank you for Carry Kirkpatrick's superb article on Coach Ray Meyer and the history of DePaul basketball. I confess that I have actually rooted against the Blue Demons. Forgive me, Coach—I'll never do it again!

THE REV. DONALD G. SCANDONE
Pastor
Madison-New Madison United
Methodist Churches
Madison, Pa.

DUNKPROOF

Sir:

The article on Darryl Dawkins (Now You See Him, Now You Don't, Feb. 11) and a subsequent letter to the editor (Feb. 25) mentioned the backboards shattered by Dawkins and specifically referred to them as Plexiglas.

Ruben and Haas, the manufacturer of Plexiglas, wishes to point out that backboards used by the NBA are not Plexiglas acrylic sheet, but tempered glass.

It may be of interest to your readers to know that acrylic sheet does not have the shattering characteristics displayed by tempered glass. Plexiglas, when subject to intense impact, may crack, but it will never shatter.

JACK R. POENIS
Manager, Public Relations
Ruben and Haas Company
Philadelphia

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